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Sir Joseph Radcliffe Bart

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GLEANINGS OF WIT,

Being

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

TALES, ANECDOTES, OCCURRENCES,

And various Pieces in

Prose and Verse,

Interspersed with

MANY ORIGINAL PIECES;

Never before published.

FROM THE WORKS OF AN OLD MILITARY OFFICER.

In Three Volumes.

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GLEANINGS OF WIT.

The Society of Moravians at Berlin, presented the King of Prussia, (a little before his Death,) a curious Petition, of which the following is an Extract:—

"YOUR Majesty knows that we have ever been faithful and loyal subjects; and that we contribute to the prosperity of the country, by the establishment of divers manufactures. We have not the presumption to ascribe to ourselves the success that has attended our endeavours, we know that it belongs wholly and solely to *Jesus Christ.*

"Having heard that your Majesty's health is in a dangerous state, our consciences oblige us to give you the most wholesome advice, for the salvation of your soul: It is, that you employ the few days you have to live in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and his merits; to make your peace in the blood of the Lamb, and enlist under his banners."

The King read this advice with great attention; and having asked his secretary, by whom it had been presented; he was told, that the Moravians, in a body, had delivered it to him. "You must thank them," said Frederick, "very politely; for they speak to me with an honest bluntness."

LINES.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Loose ev'ry sail to the breeze,
The course of my vessel improve,
I've done with the toils of the seas;
Ye sailors I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true, as she's fair,
My griefs, I fling all to the wind;
'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear,
What tropic bird swifter can move?
Who, cruel shall hold his career,
That returns to the nest of his love?

Hoist ev'ry sail to the breeze,
Come, shipmates, and join in the song;
Let's drink, while our ship cuts the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along.

Epitaph for Lord Mayor Beckford.

This tomb, what few succeeding ones shall boast,
A British heart preserves, and British dust!
Fame speaks the rest, when envy will approve,
Small praise is scandal, to a *kingdom's love.*

Anecdote of the fore-named Lord Mayor Beckford.

Lord Effingham, (a relation of Lord Mayor Beckford's,) before he went a volunteer in the Russian service, being at dinner with him, at his house in Soho-square, his lordship was a little more thoughtful than usual, which being observed by the Lord Mayor Beckford; he asked him the cause of it. As the party consisted only of a few chosen friends, Lord Effingham ingenuously confessed, "That fitting himself out for his expedition, and discharging his tradesmen's bills, required a thousand pounds more, than he at that time could possibly spare." "Pho, pho, my lord," said Mr. Beckford, "Apply to Lady Effingham; What signifies a thousand pounds? she has been perhaps, a greater œconomist, than you are aware of; I dare say she can supply you." This reply was looked upon by

Lord Effingham, as sufficient to put an end to the subject; and the conversation took another turn. About an hour afterwards, the Lord Mayor seemed to recollect some public business, which demanded his instant attendance; but previously insisted his lordship should stay and spend the evening with him, as the business would be soon over. Having engaged his promise, he instantly drove to Lord Effingham's house, and putting bank-notes to the amount of two thousand pounds into Lady Effingham's hands, begged her acceptance of them, as it was probable, his lordship might have occasion for some ready money, previous to his departure. Without waiting for Lady Effingham's reply, (who was surprised at such an eccentric act of generosity) he instantly drove back, rejoined his company, and enjoyed himself with that heart-felt vivacity that is the constant attendant on generous minds.

BALLAD

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled,
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead.
Or dost thou free, at pleasure roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe,
Where void of thee, his cheerless home,
Can now, alas! no comfort know.

Oh! if thou hoverest round my walk,
While under ev'ry well known tree,
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And ev'ry tear is full of thee.
Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh! visit thou my soothing dream.

THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.

Ordain'd to tread the slip'ry ground,
Where few, I fear, are faithful found;
Mine be the conscience, void of blame,
The *upright heart*, the *spotless name*—

The tribute of the widow's pray'r;
The righted orphan's grateful tear;
To *virtue*, and her friends, a friend,
Still may my voice the weak defend;
Ne'er may my prostituted tongue,
Protect th' oppressor in his wrong,
Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,
To sanctify a villain's cause;
Let others, with unsparing hand,
Scatter their poison through the land;
Inflame dissension, kindle strife,
And strew with ills, the path of life.
On such, her gifts, let Fortune show'r,
Hold wealth to wealth, and pow'r to pow'r;
On me, may fav'ring Heav'n bestow,
That peace which *good men* only know,
The joy of joys, by few possess'd,
Th' eternal sunshine of the breast;
Pow'r fame, and riches I resign—
The praise of *honesty*, be mine,
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh
And poor men bless me, when *I die*.

ANECDOTE.

When the furor raged in the abusive controversy, agitated between the doctors Kenicot and Louth, relative to the propriety of the Hebrew language, they accidentally met in company, and with great asperity, attacked each other. "I am informed," says Kenicot, "credibly informed, that you have asserted, positively asserted, that I am, with respect to Hebrew, very ignorant." "I don't recollect," rejoined Louth, "that I ever asserted, positively asserted that—but Sir, I always thought it."

Impromptu—On a Young Lady.

While other maids, a different plan pursue,
Forward to shine, and eager to subdue,
In one short hour, display their various charms,
And empty all their magazine of arms;
Dolly, more wise, a surer method tries,
Flies from pursuit—and *conquers* as she flies.

Some particulars of Mr. Tyers, a Gentleman universally known, and not less universally respected.

He was one of two sons of the famous Jonathan Tyers, the original embellisher of Vauxhall-Gardens, and a joint proprietor of that delightful spot, until the end of the season 1785, when he sold his share to his brother's family. Many of the poetical trifles exhibited in these gardens, were the production of his pen; and *the description of Vauxhall*, in the History of Lambeth, was originally drawn up by Mr. Tyers. Bred to the profession of the law, he resided for a considerable time in the Temple, but inheriting from his father an easy fortune, and from nature, an inclination to indulge in *learned leisure*, he was happily enabled "to see what friends, and read what books he pleased." He was, if any man could be said to be so, most per-

fectly master of his own time, which he divided in a very pleasant manner, between his villa at Ashled, and his apartments in Southampton-street. Indefatigable in reading the newest publications, either of belles lettres, or politics, and blessed with a retentive memory, he was every where a welcome guest; and having the agreeable faculty of always repeating the good-natured side of a story, the anecdotes he retailed were rarely found either tedious, or disagreeable. In the country, he was considered by all the surrounding gentry as a man of deep learning, who had some little peculiarities in his manners; but which were amply atoned for by a thousand good qualities, both of the head and heart. In London, he was in habits of intimacy with many, whom the world have agreed to call both good and great.

Doctor Johnson loved him; Lord Hardwicke esteemed him; and even the mitred Lowth respected him. The lite-

rati in general, had more regard for him, than authors usually have for each other; as Mr. Tyers, though known for many years to have been a writer, was rather considered by them as an amateur, than a professor of the art. He was certainly among the number of "gentlemen who wrote with ease"—Witness, his Rhapsodies on Pope and Addison; and particularly his biographical sketches of Johnson, warm from the heart, when his friend was scarcely buried, and which have not been exceeded by any one of our great moralist's biographers. The "Political Conferrences" of Mr. Tyers, will however, place him in a higher point of view: in that production, much ingenuity and sound political knowledge are displayed, and the work has received the plaudits it so well deserved, and passed through two editions. One part of Mr. Tyer's knowledge, he had been happier if he had not possessed. He had a turn for the study of medicine, and

its operations on the human frame, which often induced hypochondriacal propensities, and sometimes called from imaginary to real ailments. Hence, the least variation of the atmosphere had not unfrequently, an effect both on his mind and body—The last year or two of his life were also imbittered by the death of several near and dear friends, whose loss made a deep impression on his sensibility.

Epigram on a Painter, whose Colours were remarkable for fading.

The art of painting was design'd,
To bring our ancestors to *mind*;
But this vile painter, has revers'd the plan,
And made the painting *die* before the man.

Anecdote of Congreve.

Mr. Congreve being one day at court, during the performance of his *Way of the World*; a great lady, who thought her-

self pointed at in *Marwood*, asked him, in presence of the King, (rather tauntingly) "why he drew his woman so vicious?" "Because, madam," replied the wit, "*as a dramatist*, I am obliged to copy after nature."

An Old Song, in praise of Malvern-Hill, in Worcestershire, and its Waters, composed in the Reign of King James I.—One Copy was dated 1600.

As I did walk alone,
Late in an evening,
I heard the voice of one,
Most sweetly singing,
Which did delight me much,
Because the song was such,
And ended with a touch,
O praise the Lord.

The God of sea and land,
That rules above us,
Stays his avenging hand,
'Cause he doth love us;

And doth his blessings send,
Altho' we do offend,
Then let us all amend,
And praise the Lord.

Great Malvern on a rock,
Thou standest surely;
Do not thyself forget,
Living securely;
Thou hast of blessings store—
No country-town hath more—
Do not forget therefore,
To praise the Lord.

Thou hast a famous church,
And rarely builded;
No country-town hath such,
Most men have yielded;
For pillars stout and strong,
And windows large and long,
Remember, in thy song,
To praise the Lord.

There is God's service read,
With rev'rence duly;
There is his word preach'd,
Learned and truly;
And ev'ry Sabbath-day,
Singing of psalms, they say,
'Tis sure the only way,
To praise the Lord.

The sun in glory great,
When first it riseth,
Doth bless thy happy seat,
And thee adviseth;
That then, it's time to pray,
That God may bless thy way,
And keep thee all the day,
To praise the Lord.

That thy prospect's good,
None can deny thee;
Thou hast great store of wood,
Growing hard by thee,
Which is a blessing great,
To roast and boil thy meat,
And thee, in cold to heat,
O praise the Lord

Preserve it, I advise,
Whilst that thou hast it;
Spare not, in any wise,
But do not waste it;
Lest thou repent too late,
Remember Hanley's fate.
In time, shut up thy gate,
And praise the Lord.

A chace for Royal deer,
Round doth beset thee;
For many I do fear,
For aught they get thee:
Yet, tho' they eat away
Thy corn, thy grass, and hay;
Do not forget, I say,
To praise the Lord.

That noble chace doth give
Thy beasts their feeding,
Where they in summer live,
With little heeding;
Thy sheep and swine there go,
So doth thy horse also,
'Till Winter brings in snow,
Then praise the Lord.

Turn up thine eyes on high,
There fairly standing,
See Malvern's highest hill,
All hills commanding;
They all confess at will
Their sov'reign, Malvern-hill,
Let it be mighty still,
And praise the Lord.

When western winds do rock
Both town and country;
Thy hill doth break the shock,
They cannot hurt thee;
When waters great abound,
And many a country's drown'd,
Thou standest safe and sound,
O praise the Lord.

Out of that famous hill
There daily springeth,
A water passing still,
Which always bringeth,
Great comfort to all them
That are diseas'd men,
And makes them well again,
To praise the Lord.

Doctor Sumner of Harrow, used to tell this story of Johnson :—They were dining one day, with many other persons at Mrs. M'Cauleys—she had talked a long time at dinner, about the natural equality of mankind ; Johnson, when she had finished her harangue, rose up from the table, and with great solemnity of countenance, and a bow to the ground, said to the servant, who was waiting behind the chair, " Mr. John, pray be seated in my place, and permit me to wait upon you in my turn, as your mistress says, you hear, we are all equal."

On the subject of death, Johnson used to say, " that the boastings of some men, as to dying easily, were idle talk." Hawthornden's Cypress-Grove being mentioned to him, where it is said, " that the world is a mere show, and that it is unreasonable for a man to wish to remain in the showroom, after he has seen it; let him go cheerfully out, and give place to other spectators." Johnson said, " Yes, sir, if

he is sure he is to do well after he goes out of it; but if he is to grow blind after he comes out of the show-room, and never to see any thing again; or if he does not know, whither he is to go next; a man will *not cheerfully* go out of a show-room. No wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to go into a state of punishment: Nay, no wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to go into a state of annihilation; for however unhappy any man's existence may be, he would yet rather have it, than not exist at all."

Epitaph on a Lady, who died of a Consumption at Bristol; by her Husband.

Whoe'er like me, with trembling anguish brings,
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs;
Whoe'er like me, to soothe disease and pain,
Shall pour those salutary springs in vain;

Condemn'd like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,
From the chill brow, to wipe the damps of death,
And watch in dumb despair, the shortening breath;
If chance directs him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know, his pangs are mine,
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty blest;
Fram'd ev'ry tie, that binds the soul to prove,
Her duty, friendship; and her friendship, love;
But yet rememb'ring, that the parting sigh,
Appoints the just to slumber, *not* to *die*;
The starting tear I check, I kiss the rod,
And not to *earth* resign her, but to *God*.

ANECDOTE.

In the year 1785, there lived in Worcester, a man who was ninety years old, sixty-three of which he served in the army; he had twenty-eight children, all of whom were serving, or married in the army:—His eldest son and himself were admitted pensioners on the Irish establishment on the same day; and when quartered in Dublin, some years since, the commander-in-chief provided a supper for the old man and his family, to gratify the officers of the garrison, with a sight as pleasing, as it was novel; the father, mother, and twenty children, all seated at the table.

Anecdote of Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Elizabeth, on her way to Tilbury-Fort, in the year 1588, dined at the ancient seat of Sir Nevil Unisseville, near that place, and as she chose rather to dine off a high-seasoned and substantial dish, than a

flimsy fricasee or a ragout, the knight thought proper to provide a brace of fine geese, to suit the palate of his royal guest. After the Queen had dined very heartily, she asked for a half pint bumper of Burgundy, and drank "destruction to the Spanish Armada: She had but that moment returned the glass to the knight, who had done the honours of the table when the news came, (as if the Queen had been possessed of the spirit of prophecy) that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed by a storm: She immediately took another bumper, in order to digest the goose, and was so much pleased at this happy event, that she every year after, on that day, had the above excellent dish at table: The court made it a custom, and the people have followed the fashion ever since.

Curious Anecdote of a Great Eater.

When Prague was besieged by the Swedes, under Charles X. a very great

glutton eat, in the presence of the King, a hog alive.

General Konigsmark was also a spectator: this veteran officer told the King, the fellow was a sorcerer, and that it was by inchantment and deception he appeared to eat what, in fact, he did not. The operator being nettled at the general's incredulity, told the prince, that "if he would command his officer to take off his boots and spurs, he would *eat him*," which so terrified Mr. Konismark, that he retired with great precipitancy, choosing rather to put up with a little confusion, than be convinced, at so dear a price, of the goodness of this fellow's appetite.

Lines on Detraction.

Sweet to the scents, the smiling briar,
Yet touch'd, it gives us pain;
The streamlet we so much admire,
Is oft distain'd with rain.

The painting, that delights the eye,
To shade its beauty owes ;
On the same shrub, conjoin'd we 'spy,
The thorn and blushing rose.

No mortal, ever yet was made,
From imperfection free ;
Angels, themselves, have some small shade,
Heav'n wills it thus to be.

Mercy, to others' failings show,
As you would be forgiv'n ;
The best man's lot, alas ! were woe,
Were Mercy not in Heav'n.

Invocation to Sleep.

Ah ! gentle sleep, tho' on thy form impress'd,
Death's truest, strongest, liniments appear,
To share my couch, thy presence, I request,
And soothe my senses with repose sincere.

Come, wish'd-for rest, then all my care's relieve;
For at thy kind approach, all cares retire;
Thus, *without life*—How sweet it is to live;
Thus, *without* death—How pleasing to expire.

French Pride and Avarice, an Anecdote.

An old counsellor of the parliament of Paris, died some time ago in that capital; though he had a very decent fortune, he let himself go without the necessaries of life: Finding himself approaching his last hour, he sent for the curate of the parish, from whom he received spiritual assistance in the church. He was desirous of regulating the expences attending his own funeral; and asked, "how much it would cost him, to have the bells rung at his burial?" he was told, that "the usual price

was three hundred livres," (about twelve guineas and a half) the sum was, thought exorbitant—" three hundred livres for such a trifle," said he, " I have no notion of such an imposition ; I know not how the gentlemen of the church settle matters, but I am tempted to think they are a parcel of cheats—I had the holy sacrament administered to me for nothing, and it seems, I must give an enormous sum for the ringing of a few cracked bells ; I think I may very well say, that if the clergy give their flour gratis, they sell their *bran* very dear." (*Son*, in French, signifies both sound and bran.) This original, was such an adept in the art of hoarding up, that he could have given lessons of penury to all the misers of the age. He had discharged his servants and served *himself*, for many years before his death; but he had still vanity enough to wish, not to be taken for what he really was. He kept a *sleeve* of every livery he had sold ; and when he threw any thing out of the window, he

always took care to slip on a *sleeve*, that his neighbours might not perceive that he had sent away all his servants. Had this wretch been a contemporary of the inimitable Moliere, he would have presented the public with a sketch of his despicable character.

Inscription for a Dial, which was placed upon the Monument of a Gentleman at Bendeville, in the Kingdom of Ireland.

No marble pomp, no monumental praise
My tomb, this dial, epitaph, these lays,
Pride, and low mould'ring clay but ill agree,
Death, levels me to beggars—Kings to me.
Alive, instruction was my work each day;
Dead, I persist, instruction to convey.
Here, reader mark, (perhaps,) now in thy prime,
The stealing steps of never-standing time,
Thou'lt be what I am, catch the present hour,
Employ *that* well, for that's within thy pow'r.

ANECDOTE.

As a certain steward was viewing the boundaries of his lord's royalty, amongst the rest of the company, he was honoured with the attendance of the clergyman of the parish; and coming to a certain mark in the boundary, which he wished the whole company particularly to remember—"Here," says he to the clergyman,—"please to take this spade, and dig up a turf, *but dig you cannot, and to beg you are ashamed.*" "Hark ye," replies the clergyman, "that was *not* said of the clergy, but of an *unjust steward.*"

The Origin of getting Drunk.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, during her wars in the Netherlands, after a battle with the Spaniards, whom we had nearly defeated. One Captain Thomas, challenged General Norris to a single combat;

and Sir Roger Williams, his lieutenant, accepted the challenge: (because he being general, might not accept it, by the laws of arms.) After they had tried their skill a little, while in the view of both armies, neither of them received a wound; they drank a hearty cup together, and so parted friends: Until that time the English, who of all the other nations, had been esteemed the most moderate drinkers, and commended for their sobriety, learned in their Netherland war—first, to drown themselves with immoderate drinking; and by drinking other men's healths, to impair their own.

Anecdote of Joseph the Second, Emperor of Germany.

An aged half-pay officer met the Emperor as he was coming out of the palace, and begged that his Majesty would graciously condescend to stop for a few moments, to listen to a request he had to

make. The Emperor assented. The hardy veteran then told his Majesty, that he had a wife and large family, who depended solely on him for support; that he had nothing but his half-pay, and that stipend being inadequate to the great demands upon him for their support, he was obliged to throw himself upon his Majesty's paternal love for his subjects, and implore his assistance. The tender heart of the Emperor was moved, at the pathetic manner in which the old warrior expressed his distress, and putting his hand in his pocket, he found only 24 sovereigns of gold, which he was going to give the officer, saying at the same time, "he was sorry he had no more;" when an ill-natured officious courtier, suggested to his Majesty, that twenty-four ducats would be sufficient."

The Emperor, instantly resolving to punish the courtier, for endeavouring to set bounds to *his* humanity, he seemed to think that twenty-four ducats would do,

and asked the courtier, "if he had so many about him," he replied in the affirmative, and taking them out of his purse, gave them to his Majesty. The Emperor put the ducats and sovereigns into the old officer's hand, and desired him to thank the courtier for his generous gift of twenty-four ducats. The Emperor's humanity thus made the ill-nature of the courtier, turn to the advantage of the poor officer.

Thoughts on Happiness.

Happiness is an object pursued by all, and though the road to it is direct, few arrive at it. The compass by which we should be guided to this consummation of our hopes, wholly consists in this single maxim—

"*Moderate your desires*"—

Yet such is the frailty or infatuation of man, that it is almost always rejected, and the instigations of appetite and passion are

substituted for it; blindly led by those giddy conductors, we deviate from the obvious path of felicity into the fatal and dark maze of error; and at length, when experience has opened our eyes, and we are sensible of the pernicious consequences of our own temerity, we become discontented and repine. Behold the avaricious man, despising the modest precepts of reason, and inflamed by romantic expectations, hoarding a heap of treasure, which he cannot enjoy—Behold him in the vigour of his life emaciated with care, and palid with uneasiness of his own creating, reproaching Fortune for the the necessary effects of those sordid inclinations, which he has been industrious to cherish.

See the ambitious man, after a vain and delusive pursuit of fantastic greatness, cursing fate, and accusing providence for those disappointments, and that misery which he has assiduously brought upon himself—Instead of upbraiding his folly, he laments his situation like the unthinking

mariner, who having abandoned his vessel to the winds, and suffered it to strike upon a rock—bewails the severity of his condition, and arraigns the eternal laws by which things are governed.

In our pursuit of happiness, it is our avidity, which generally disappoints our endeavours. It has been frequently observed, with respect to the acquisition of riches, that the enterprizing man, by embarking in too many schemes of profit is often ruined, while the miser plods slowly on towards the attainment of his purpose with success.

The case is the same, with regard to our pursuits after happiness. He whose impetuous temper urges him to acts of rapacity and ambition, fails of his ultimate aim, the attainment of felicity—But the man, who is content with the share of happiness which he possesses, who is satisfied to have it gradually increase, who confines his views to his sphere in life, and aspires not at that which is beyond his reach is

amply rewarded, and receives a prize, which the most *violent* and unremitting efforts cannot obtain.

DISAPPOINTMENT—*An Ode.*

I.

See'st thou that form slow gliding by
You mould'ring abbey's ivy'd wall;
Mark through the langour of her eye,
How fast the pearly tear-drops fall.
'Tis Disappointment, from her bow'r
She steals, at evening's dewy hour,
Wand'ring these dreary haunts among,
Repeating still, her plaintive song.
And ever thus, with looks downcast,
Now feebly slow, now wildly fast,
She winds her solitary way,
Catching the last dim glimpse of day.
Nor seldom by the moon's pale light,
She lingers 'till the noon of night;
Whilst still with silent step, attends her near,
Past plaint, past tears, her melancholy child Despair.

II.

Anon, she flies, the silent gloom,
And turns her pale infectious eye,
To blast young Hope's, luxuriant bloom,
And wither bright Prosperity.
Wherever pleasure leads the way,
And sportive, waves her banners gay;
Whilst fancy gilds the flatter's brow,
With charms she lingers to bestow.
Wherever youth, with hasty pace,
Pants eager for her warm embrace;
Whilst joy, amidst the laughing band,
She lures him on with proffer'd hand.
There she intrudes, a hated guest,
To plant a thorn in ev'ry breast,
Hope, pleasure, joy, with blasting step pursues,
And rears her palid form, and shrouds their flatt'ring views.

III.

See'st thou, at her approach, how low,
Ambition droops his tow'ring head;
Mark, how his air-built fabric's bow,
How fast his sanguine hopes are fled.

Where now is ev'ry splendid dream,
The nightly thought, the daily theme?
When late the grasping eye of pow'r,
Saw conquests bless each coming hour.
Where now the wreath, the trophy'd car,
The triumphs of successful war?
They sink, they fade, and in their stead,
The spectre rears her baleful head;
And glaring in his frantic way,
She blasts the glories of the day;
Tears the ideal laurel from his brow,
And snaps his threat'ning spear, and lays
his banners low.

IV.

Ah! whither turns she now her eyes,
Must love too feel her chilling power;
And must not his sweet blossoms rise,
To smile on youths too fleeting hour;
Must they too, fading ere their prime,
Anticipate the stroke of time;
Whilst her keen with'ring blast bestrews
The May of life with Winter's snows.
Yes—for she marks the gen'rous breast,
Where love and anxious fondness rest;

Where virtue stamps his hallow'd name,
And expectation feeds her flame:
Replete with hopes of future joy,
But ah! she marks, but to destroy;
With shiv'ring hand, she aims the deadly blow,
And leaves the feeling heart to droop in silent woe.

V.

I well can paint her hated pow'r,
Nor wander to her secret cells;
I feel her presence ev'ry hour—
With me the horrid inmate dwells.
Come then, with all thy soothing art,
Blest healer of the wounded heart;
Meek resignation, who canst wear,
A smile beneath the starting tear;
And teach the yielding heart to know,
Serenity, amidst its woe;
Oft shalt thou raise my languid eye—
Oft stem the tide of misery—

Oft veil the spectre's haggard face—
Oft snatch me from her cold embrace,
And shew fast breaking on my raptur'd sight,
Beyond her sable clouds, a dawn of endless night.

Anecdote of a Magistrate.

Mr. Dugar, provost of the merchants in the city of Lyons, was a man remarkable for the strict and impartial administration of justice. The bakers flattered themselves that they could prevail upon him to be their friend, at the expence of the public. They waited upon him in a body, and begged leave to raise the price of bread; he told them that he would examine their petition, and give them an answer very soon: before they left the room, they contrived slily to drop a purse of two hundred Louis d'ors on the table. They soon called upon the magistrate for an answer, not in the least doubting but the money had effectually

pleaded their cause; gentlemen, said M. Dugar, I have weighed your reasons in the balance of justice, and I find them light. I do not think that the people ought to suffer under a pretence of the dearness of corn, which I know to be ill founded.

As to the purse of money which you left with me, I am certain that I have made such a generous and noble use of it, as you yourselves intended; I have distributed it, among the poor objects of charity in our hospitals; as you are *opulent enough* to make such *large donations*, I cannot possibly think you can incur any loss in your business, and I shall therefore continue the price of bread, as it was, before I received your petition.

Curious circumstance which occurred on the Northern Coast of Antrim in Ireland.

About twelve years ago the workmen in pushing forward, a new adet towards the

coal unexpectedly broke through the rock into a cavern. The hole which they opened was not very large, and two young lads were made to creep in with candles to explore this new region; they accordingly went forward, and entered an extensive labyrinth branching off into numerous apartments, in the mazes and windings of which they were at last completely lost; after various vain attempts to return, their lights were extinguished, and they sat down together, in utter despair of an escape from this dreary dungeon. In the mean time the people without were alarmed for their safety, fresh hands were employed, a passage was at last made for the workmen, and the two unfortunate adventurers extricated after a whole nights imprisonment.

In examining this subterraneous wonder, it was found to be a complete gallery which had been driven forward many hundred yards to a bed of coal that had branched off into various chambers, where the miners had

parted on their different works: the pillars were left at proper intervals to support the roof. It was found to be an extensive mine, wrought by a set of people, at least as expert in the business as the present generation, some remains of the tools, and even of the baskets used in the works were discovered in such a state, that on being touched they immediately fell to powder. The antiquity of this mine is pretty evident, from hence, that there does not remain the most remote tradition of it in the country, but it is still more fairly demonstrated from a natural process that has taken place since its formation, for stalactick pillars have been formed reaching from the roof to the floor, and the sides and supporters were found covered with sparry incrustations which the present workmen do not observe to be deposited in any definitive portion of time.

Anecdote of General Paoli.

The elevation of sentiment that a strug-

gle for liberty inspires, is very conspicious in the following incident:

A Corsican of a respectable family, during the time that island was invaded by the French, being condemned to die, for an atrocious crime, his nephew, Lieutenant Edwards, with deep concern, addressed Paoli in the following terms: "Sir, if you pardon my uncle, his relations will give to the state a thousand *zechins*, besides furnishing fifty soldiers, during the seige of *Furiali*; let him be banished, and he shall never return."

Paoli, knowing the virtue of the young man, said to him, "you are acquainted with the circumstances of this case; I will consent to a pardon, if you can say as an honest man that it will be just and honourable for Corsica.

The young man, hiding his face, burst into tears, saying, I would not have the honour of our country sold for a thousand zechins.

Curious account extracted from the Works of Jacobus Sylvius, a famous Physician of the last Century.

Going (says this physician) into the country, I became acquainted with an Italian gentleman, whose name was Augustino Fosari, who was one of the people called *Somnambuli*, who performed in their sleep the ordinary actions which others transact waking. He appeared to be not above thirty, of a lean withered habit, black hair, and a very melancholy disposition, slow of understanding, yet solid at the same time, and capable of scrutinizing into all the intricacies of the most abstruse science: the paroxysms of this disorder generally attacked him once a month, with the new moon, and always with more violence during autumn and winter, than during the spring and summer.—I conceived a strange curiosity to see if what was told me was

putting the key into his pocket, and the letter on the chimney, he then left the room and went down stairs: When he was below, one of the company happening to stumble and make a noise, Augustino, seemed to be frightened, and hastened his pace: his valet advised us to walk softly and not to speak, because whenever he heard a noise, he generally became furious, and frequently ran as fast as he could, as if pursued by an enemy; he now crossed the court which was very wide, and went directly to the stable, he entered, and after stroking his horse, bridled it, and went as if he intended to put on the saddle, but not finding that in the usual place he seemed very uneasy, as if disappointed of some expected pleasure: he then mounted the horse and galloped to the gate as fast as he could, but this was locked. He therefore alighted, and taking up a stone, he threw it several times with violence at the gate; after several unsuccessful efforts, he again got on horseback, and rode to the

watering trough which was at the other end of the court, there let the horse drink, tied the bridle to a post, and returned quickly back to the houses; upon the servants making a noise, he became more attentive, approached the door, clapped his ear to the keyhole, afterwards he went to a room in which there was a billiard table, there, he took several turns round it, as if engaged in play, after which, he went to a harpsichord (on which he played tolerably well) and made a confused noise, no ways resembling music; at length, after an exercise of two hours, he ascended to his apartment, threw himself, with his clothes on, upon the bed, where we found him the next day at nine, in the very same posture in which we left him; for every time the fit took him, he slept some days without interruption. His servant assured us that there were but two methods of interrupting the fit; one to tickle, for some time, the soles of his feet, the other, to sound the French horn, or blow a trumpet at his ear.

The following interesting Lines were written by Charles Emily, Esq. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the Year, 1759. *It is remarkable, that the Tutor and his Pupil, young and amiable as they were, should both so shortly as it is here expressed, be knelled to the Tomb. The Marquis was then with his Father in Ireland. Mr. Emily, died in the Year,* 1762.—*Major of the Surry Militia.*

Fast to the driving winds, the marshal'd
clouds
Sweep, discontinues o'er the etherial plain;
Another, still upon another crowds;
All hast'ning downwards to their native
main.

Thus passes on, through life's career
Man's fleeting age; the seasons as they flie,
Snatch from us in their course, year after
year,
Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.

The parent, ever honour'd, ever dear,
Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh;
A brother's urn, demands the kindred tear,
And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.

To day, we frolick in the jocund bloom
Of rosy youth—the morrow, knells us to the tomb.
Who knows how soon, in this sepulchral spot,
Shall Heaven to me, the drear abode assign;
How soon, the past irrevocable lot,
Of these that rest beneath me, shall be mine.

Hap'ly when Zephyrs to thy native bourn,
Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd Hibernian, wave,
Thy gentle breast, (my Tavistock) shall mourn,
To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.

No more the social leisure to divide,
In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul;
Blythe, or if graver brow, no more to chide
The ling'ring years, impatient as they roll.

Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display,
Full blossom'd, their bright honours to the
gazing day.

Ah dearest youth, these vows perhaps un-
heard,
The rude winds scatter o'er the billowy
main;
These prayers at friendships holy shrine pre-
fer'd,
May rise to grasp their Fathers knees in
vain.
Soon, soon, may nod the sad funerial plume,
With solemn horrors o'er thy timeless hearse,
And I survive to grave upon thy tomb,
The faithful tribute of memorial verse.

That, leave to Heaven's decision—be it
thine,
Higher then yet a parent's wishes flew,
To soar in bright pre-eminence and shine,
With self-earn'd honors, eager to pursue;

Where glory with her clear unsullied rays,
The well born spirit lights to deeds of noblest
praise.

Anecdote of Dean Swift.

Swift, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense, at which time his physicians took him out for the air. When they came to the park, Swift remarked a new building, and asked what it was designed for, to which doctor Kingsbury answered, that, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city.——Oh! said the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, let me take an item of that; this is worth remarking; *my tablets*, as Hamlet says, *my tablets*; memory, put down that; on which he wrote the following lines, which were the last he *ever* wrote.

"Behold a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a Magazine;"

and then put up his pocket-book, laughing heartily at the conceit, and finishing it with

these words: "After the steed is stolen, shut the stable-door." After which he never said a sensible word, so that these lines, may be said to be the last speech and dying words of his wit.

Anecdote,

Santieul, the French poet, returning one night to Saint Victoire, at eleven o'clock, the porter refused opening the door, saying he had positive orders to admit no one at that hour.

After much altercation, Santieul slipt half a louis d'or under the door, and he obtained immediate entrance. As soon as he had got in, he pretended he had left a book upon a stone on the outside, on which he had rested himself while he waited for the door opening. The officious porter, animated with the poet's generosity, ran to get the book, and Santieul immediately shut the door upon him. Master porter, who was half naked, knock'd in turn,

when the poet started the same difficulty as *he* had done. Aye; but master Santieul, said the porter, you know I let you in, very civily—Said Santieul, so will I you, as civily; you know the price, *in* or *out* is the word, and I can dally no longer; the porter finding he was to sleep in the street, half naked, and run the risk of losing his place, slipt the piece of gold under the door, saying, I thought a poet's money would not stay long with me, and accordingly purchased his admittance.

Anecdote of William the Third.

Towards the close of the last century, Lord Molesworth, who had formerly resided at Copenhagen, as Ambassador from England, published his *Account of Denmark*, a valuable little work, and as such held in great esteem; wherein he stigmatised the arbitrary government of Denmark. Piqued at what he termed, the insolence of the author, the reigning Monarch of that

kingdom ordered his minister at the court of England, to make a complaint of it to his *well beloved brother* William III.

What would you that I should do? (said William, in answer to the remonstrance of the Dane) Sire, said the minister, if your Majesty had complained to the King, my master, of a similar offence, ere now he would have dispatched to you, the author's head. "This, (returned William) I have neither the inclination or the power to do; but if you choose it, his lordship shall insert what you have just now mentioned to me, in the *second* edition of his work."

An Eastern Tale.

In the neighbourhood of Mecca, lived an industrious peasant, whose name was Aboukir; he had three sons, named, Almoradin, Dogandi, and Halif; they were educated in a religious observance of all the precepts of the law; they shared with him in all his labours, and by their joint endeavours,

they all four procured a subsistence adequate to their desires. Aboukir, when he was dying, called his three sons to his bedside, and addressed them in the following words: "My sons, live in constant union, and cultivate with care the farm I leave you; it will abundantly supply you with all the necessaries of life; let the book of glory be your chief study, the delight of your souls, and the chief object of your attention: In all the various casualties of life, depend upon it alone; my life draws near its end; I already behold the angel of death approach; farewel; remember the advice I have given you; adore the great creator of the universe, and revere Mahomet his prophet. Having uttered these words, he expired, and his sons buried him with true filial piety. For some time they followed the wise advice he had given them; but one day as they were at work in their farm, a question was agitated among them; the dispute was concerning, what was most desirable, and

what would be the first wish of each. Almoradin, as he was of an aspiring temper, declared that power was the chief object of his desires. Dogandi, who was of a more sordid turn of mind, owned that his wishes concentered in the possession of wealth, and Halif sighed for the enjoyment of beauty. No sooner were these different wishes uttered than a genii appeared to them, and addressed them as follows; sons of Aboukir, your wishes are heard; I am a genii, he that presides over fortune, and will engage to procure you the accomplishment of your wishes; if you do not wish to retract them as mortals often wish, for what in the end proves the cause of their destruction.—The three brothers persevering in their wishes, the genii presented them each with a talisman, whereon was engraved certain magic characters, and bid them repair to Bagdad. Almoradin, had not long resided there, till by virtue of the talisman, he attracted the notice of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid,

and was by him sent to govern a distant province, which being attacked by the Tartars, he defended it bravely, and repulsed them with great slaughter; this raised the jealousy of the Vizier, who afterwards found means to persuade the Caliph, that the intention of Almoradin, was to make himself a party, and shake of the yoke of obedience hereupon. Al Raschid, who was extremely jealous of his authority, sent for him to Bagdad, and without hearing him speak in his own defence, caused him to be beheaded.

Dogandi, after having acquired great riches by commerce, at last perished in a voyage which he made in quest of new gain.

The fate of Halif was perhaps more wretched than that of either of the two brothers; he married the beauteous Rouschern, and for some time their felicity was mutual and extreme; but the fiend Jealousy, which so often changes the hap-

piness of lovers into bitterness, at last put an end to their bliss.

One of the chief persons in the court of Bagdad, Ogloufcan, having seen Rouschern, and being enchanted with her beauty, found means, by corrupting the slaves of Halif, to procure several interviews with his wife, who, dazzled by his elevated station, forgot her fidelity to her husband.

Halif having one day seen Ogloufcan retire from his wife, fell upon her in a transport of rage, plunged a dagger in her breast, and immediately after stabbed himself in despair. Thus did these three brothers owe their destruction to the completion of their wishes.

The moral of this tale teaches us, that we should always adhere to the precepts and admonitions of our parents, and not presume, of ourselves, to direct the Almighty, by wishing for a change from the situation wherein he has thought proper to place us, and such as he has judged us fit for.

The following Lines were presented to King James the First, with the new-born Daughter of Sir Walter Pope, at his House, which greatly pleased his Majesty :—

See this little mistress here,
Did never sit in Peter's chair ;
Or a triple crown did wear,
And yet, she is a *Pope*.

No benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispense with sins for gold,
And yet, she is a *Pope*.

No King, her feet did ever kiss;
Or had from her, worse look than this ;
Nor did she ever hope,
To Saint one, with a rope;
And yet, she is a *Pope*.

A female Pope, you'll say—a second Joan ;
No, sure : she is Pope *Innocent*—or none.

Anecdote of the King of Prussia.

At the end of a war, the King of Prussia found it necessary to reduce his military establishment considerably, and to keep no more troops than his finances were, with œconomy, sufficient to support—Among the disbanded officers there was one Quintus, a native of Holland, who, from the intrepidity of his conduct, was distinguished by the name of Julius Cæsar; he applied to the King, and hoped his former services would recommend him to his Majesty's protection; he was told, "that his gallant behaviour entitled him to reward; but as there was no provision made for the reduced soldiers, it was out of his power to provide for him, as every other officer would expect the like favour."

On this poor *Julius* left the presence, but in a few moments was sent for: On his return, the King expressed his concern, that "the poverty of his coffers would not

permit him to indulge his wishes; but he had thought of a scheme which he believed would answer." There was at that time a rich Jew in Berlin, named Ephraim, whose schemes for saving or raising money the King constantly adopted, by which both the Monarch and the Israelite's ends were answered: He ordered Quintus to apply to Ephraim, and to tell him, that "he came to demand his daughter in marriage, by express order of the King." The Jew, alarmed at the proposal of a christian alliance, repaired to court and repeated his grievance. The King told him, that "his royal word was passed, without once reflecting on their different faiths, and could not be recalled, if Quintus insisted upon its being fulfilled;" but as the Jew seemed to be so unhappy, advised him to apply to the officer, and know on what terms he would relinquish the claim.

The application was made, and Quintus (according to the directions of the King) having a greater propensity to the gold

than to his daughter, made Ephraim such a demand, as would answer his warmest wishes, which being immediately paid, gave entire satisfaction to Monarch, soldier, and Jew.

Character of a Clergyman, in the Year 1650.

There was, so poets hand the story down,
A good old man, the parson of the town,
Meekly array'd in humble sable weeds,
And poor in purse, but rich in holy deeds;
Pure was his heart, and able was his head,
Deep vers'd in books, but most in *scripture* read;
True to the text, his doctrines would he preach,
And each parishioner devoutly teach,
Without the help of puzzling gloss absurd,
Benign in thought, and affable in word;
Of heart undaunted, in demeanor mild—
A man of God, but of the world—a child;

Few minutes from his office would he spare—
His *patience only* could surpass his care;
Through frequent trials of distress approv'd—
Distress, true touchstone of the faith he lov'd;
Tho' much he gave, on little wont to live;
He only liv'd, that *many more might live*.
Wide was his parish, and the houses stood
Asunder; yet, through storms or hail and flood,
At morning by the dawn, or evening late,
He steer'd his journey to the sick man's gate,
Uncheck'd by fevers of infectious rage
He walk'd, a staff sustain'd his awful age;
This good example to his flock he brought,
That first he gave, and afterwards he taught.

History of an Author.

I am a gentleman by nation, being born in Glamorganshire; though my family, like

the great Buchanan's, was rather ancient than rich.

My mother used frequently to mention a tradition very current among her relations, that one of her line was very near being made a lord, but, that some how or other, his patent was never made out. She had also an uncle in Charles the Second's reign, who having great umbition enlisted for a soldier, and actually arrived to the preferment of a halbert, and was not without hopes of a pair of colours, but died without being able to make any great provision for his wife and six children; he left, however, strict injunctions, that none of his family should ever be brought up to any trade—which dying words of his were strictly observed, for they dutifully starved three parts of the year—the remainder of which they strolled about England for harvest-work. A third relation of her's, whose memory she honours greatly, kept an alehouse near St. David's, in the parish where he was *parson:* No man in the

country sold better ale; preached a better sermon; or played a jig better than this our Welch kinsman, whose name and reputation is still dear to us. Thus much for my family--Now for myself:—

My mother having nursed a child for a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood; the child, being about my own age, took a great liking to me, and when he was taken home, I was taken with him, and there learned to read and write; an accomplishment unknown in our family in the memory of man, except in the instance of the parson. I also learned Latin, Greek, and French, of all which languages, even our said cousin was utterly ignorant, though he was reckoned a judicious explainer of hard texts. The gentleman's steward, who was an eminent attorney in the neighbourhood, would now have gladly taken me for a clerk, and the gentleman himself would have given a sum of money with me; but my *indulgent parents*, hearing of the great indignity offered to their family, by

binding their son in indentures, came in great wroth and fetched me away, telling me that "it would have been better for me, and more for my honour, *never to have learned a letter*, and remained in the laudable ignorance of my family, than be bound to any man living: that I might keep goats, or help to drive cattle over the Severn; or go over to England a mowing grass, or cutting down corn with other Welch gentlemen, my kinsmen, and neighbours; but to go 'prentice"——Here my mother wept bitterly, and tore her hair; but my father bid her comfort herself, *her son* should never go 'prentice, he should peg hur pread first. This pacified my mother, and made her more easy.

I lived miserably at home for about a fortnight, sometimes fishing for victuals, and sometimes gathering heath for fuel—At last, "Heaven be praised I was relieved, and the honour of my family saved," My young master was going to the university, and the Almighty inspired

his father to send me along with him; I went thither full of the *church* and of the importance, learning, and sanctity of Oxford. In consequence of these prepossessions, I came freely and blindly into all their notions; I did as the rest did, and drank down vast quantities of ale with my learning.

I lived in this manner for two years—when, happening to read Locke upon the Human Understanding, and upon Government, with his letters concerning Toleration; the strong reason and invincible truth which run through these books, made such a strange and sudden impression upon me, that I became sober and studious, which made me presently suspected by the university of ill principles. The first opportunity was therefore taken to expel me, which I soon gave them by drinking a certain health which displeased them, and was not agreeable to their political principles. Having by my sobriety and pernicious reason thus scandalized the university, and

merited expulsion from thence, I was at a loss how to dispose of myself: I had not enough of any popular science to live by it—And I was so well qualified for holy orders, that I despaired of ever obtaining them: for my friend, the squire's eldest son, took part with the college against me, and continued true to Oxford, and Oxford ale, which was the study he delighted in—and was encouraged by being taught, that "learning signifies nothing to him who is to be knight of the shire, and a member of parliament." In this perplexity and streightness of my affairs, I straggled up to town; thinking it every whit as well to starve in London, like a scholar, as n my own country like a gentleman; though, perhaps, it may not appear quite so honourable to the high spirits of my family. When I arrived in town at the inn, I saw a pale spectre of a man walking in the yard, as if he wanted something, and yet had nothing to do. Being curious to know who this phantom might be, I was told,

" he was a bookseller in Paternoster-row, who, every day that the coach or waggon came in, hawked at the inn for Oxford scholars, as fishmongers do at Billingsgate for a mackrel-boat." Before my informant had done speaking, this living ghost clapped his glass to his eye, and drawing up the dry skin of his face into a hideous form, began kenning me for some time, and then assured me, that " having a particular veneration for the university, was proud of being acquainted with every gentleman that came from thence." " I told him I did." " Sir," says he, " I honour that learned body; *there's* the seat of the Muses—*there's* the fountain of learning—Sir, I honour the university." Here I told him, " he must then honour *me* very much, for that she had expelled me."—" How, Sir! *expelled* you, Sir?" quoth the ghost—" I am not at all amazed at it, just so she serves every ingenious man—Sir, I honour you for your misfortune—Pray, dear Sir, let me welcome you to

town with a glass of wine." I was surprized at the aspect and behaviour of the man, but submitted, like a well-bred person, to his couresy. While we were over our liquor, he railed at the university with great fluency and bitterness of words, out of pure zeal for me, for whom his kindness increased every moment; he presently knew me better than I knew myself, and made it plain to me that I had a fine genius, and a world of merit; he added, that "the town was quite destitute of writers, and would gladly swallow any satyr or lampoons; or any narrative about witches; or any translation; or any second part; or any imitation; or any last will and testament"—says he, "I do not doubt but you have some good things by you: and then invited me to dine with him the next day." When I came to his house, he told me "my lord desired to see me"—Now, thought I, my fortune is made; but, quoth he, "I wish we had something of your's to shew his lordship, it will increase

the good impressions I have given him of you." Here, transported as I was, I lugged out a pocket full of lucubrations, and presented them with a thankful heart, and a genteel university scrape to my new, kind friend. The next time I saw him, my lord had perused my poems with infinite delight, and begged of all things in the world they might be printed. At these words, my pleasure was inexpressible; I already conceived myself rolling in my chariot—With my most humble duty to his lordship I consented, and it was instantly in print. My loving friend advised me to defer my visit to his lordship, until I could present him with one of my books. Here, again, I was all submission; the book came out, but still my lord was *sick*, *out of town*, or to be *married*, and I was to wait upon his lordship *such a week*—and for half a year together: during which time I wrote for him, (for I was now at bed and board with him,) several other books, as *answers* to them, and *replies* to

those answers; and confutations to those replies, and so forth, for all which I had several half-crowns of him *at several times*, and he had several notes of me for the same; for it always happened, he never got a farthing *for any thing of mine*, though it came to a fourth edition; and though he was eternally teazing me, and sinfully tempting me to defile more paper. In the end, out of tenderness to me, he put on a strenuous resolution to know of my lord precisely, when he would be waited on, and for that purpose one evening he went out, and I went after him—I dogged him into a tavern in the Strand, and out of it again, and of course home, and found myself deveived and abused. Next morning he came to my bedside with twenty compliments, and as many petitions for pardon from my Lord, who invited me to dine with him some future day. Having made this discovery I began to doubt, whether he was known at all to my lord; and to be fully satisfied, I went one morning

to his lordship's house, when he said he would be there, and asked the porter if "Mr. ——— was there?" "Sir," says he, "I know no such person!" I begged him to inquire of my lord "if he had been there this morning?" the civil porter did so, and brought me word back, that "my lord swore he should not know the rascal's face if he met him in the street." I instantly returned home, and having put up my books, my linen, and all my other moveables in a sheet of brown paper, I descended from my fourth story at the bookseller's, and left him and his house with a true Welch heart, full of ire and resentment, not at all altered by empty pockets. I have now taken a room, only up three pair of stairs, at a printer's in Little-Britain, where I hope to thrive better, by the indulgence of the public.

(Signed)

P. Pennyless.

The 114th Psalm, paraphrased.

I.

When Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land;
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

II.

Across the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way;
The streams of Jordan saw and fled,
With backward current to their head.

III.

The mountains shook like frighted sheep;
Like lambs, the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of Sov'reign pow'r at hand.

IV.

What pow'r could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

V.

Let ev'ry mount, and ev'ry flood
Retire, and know the approaching God—
The King of Israel, see him here
Tremble, then earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess their Lord.

Curious Occurrences relative to Literary Characters.

The deaths of many of our most celebrated poets were occasioned by very singular accidents.

Cowley, on his return with his friend Spratt, from a visit to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Chertsy, lost his way, and was obliged to spend the night under a hedge, he caught a severe cold in consequence, which terminated in his death.

Otway, had an intimate friend who was murdered in the street; the murderer fled to France: Otway pursued him on foot as far as Dover, his fatigue occasioned a fever, which was the cause of his death.

Sir *John Suckling*, was robbed by his valet de chambre; the moment he discovered it, in a passionate hurry he put on his boots to pursue him; a large rusty nail was in the bottom of one of them, it pierced his heel and brought on a mortification.

Lee, had been confined to a very low diet for a considerable time, in consequence of lunacy; one night he escaped from his keeper, he drank so immoderately, that he became intoxicated, and fell down in the Strand, was run over by a Hackney coach, and expired on the spot.

Anecdote of a Painter.

A famous blacksmith, in Antwerp, called Quintin Mathys, became enamoured of a painter's daughter, and had the good fortune to touch her heart. He was handsome,

witty, and ingenious; and besides, was master of a good fortune for a man of his profession; but the painter would by no means be persuaded to give his daughter to a blacksmith: the old man's obstinacy did not dishearten Quintin. Animated by his love, he was taught to overcome that difficulty, by exchanging his hammer for the pencil: in a little time, he equalled, and even surpassed the best painters in Antwerp; after which he received the reward of his labour.

This generous lover died, anno 1529, and was buried at the foot of the cathedral, with the following verse on the wall, over his tomb

Connubialis amor de mulcibro fecit Apellam.
" Love tending to Marriage, metamorphosed,
Vulcan into Appelles."

A painting of this artist, representing two misers, the one *paying* the other *receiving* money, is esteemed one of the happiest efforts of his pencil. The original of which is in the possession of the Royal Family of England, and is in Windsor Castle.

Anecdote.

In the 12th century, that age of superstition, when scarce one person imagined, that devotion and vice were incompatible with each other, St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, was distinguished, by a purity of sentiment and manners then uncommon: one day he went to the nunnery of Godstead, and entering the church, beheld a magnificient tomb, covered with silk hangings, and surrounded by lamps and wax tapers, inquiring whose it was, he was answered, that it was the tomb of Rosamond, the mistress of King Henry the Second, who had been a great benefactor to that church.

What, exclaimed St. Hugh, can money then obtain those honours, which are due to the virtuous only? This woman has enriched your house; but she persisted in her guilt; remove those pompous ornaments from the tomb, and let us convince mankind, that it is not *gold*, but *repentance*, and *piety* alone, that can expiate a life of scandal and adultry.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

In the year 1672, when Louis the 14th was at Utretch, there was a general run upon the bank of Amsterdam; this was occasioned by the universal terror that prevailed upon the near approach of the French troops. The magistrates offered to convince those who talked loudest, by occular demonstration, that the vast treasures deposited in the bank, really *remained* there: an infinite number of bags were produced, which the magistrates affirmed to be full of money; but they at the same time, added, that they who continued to distress them, and to injure the public credit, should be stigmatised as bad subjects, and should not be permitted to replace their money in the bank, when the storm was blown over, and the popular apprehensions removed.

This bold declaration had its proper effect, the *call ceased*, and the *bank* preserved *its credit*.

Castle Building.—An Elegy.

" Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can once, surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments." STERNE.

Goddess of golden dreams, whose magic power
Sheds smiles of joy o'er misery's haggard face,
And lavish strews the visionary flower,
To deck life's dreary paths with transient grace.

I woo thee fancy, from thy fairy cell,
Where, midst the endless woes of human kind,
Wrapt in ideal bliss thou lov'st to dwell,
And sport in happier regions unconfin'd.

Alas! how little do her votry's guess,
Those rigid truths which learned fools revere,
Serve but to prove, oh! bane to happiness,
Our joys delusive, but our woes sincere.

Be theirs to search where clustring roses grow,
Touching each sharp thorns point to prove
how keen—
Be mine to trace their beauties as they blow,
And catch their fragrance where they blush
unseen.

Haply my path may lie through barren vales,
Where niggard fortune all her sweets denies;
E'en there shall fancy scent the ambient gales,
And scatter flow'rets of a thousand dyes.

Nor let the worldling scoff, be his the task,
To form deep schemes, and mourn his hopes
betray'd;
Be mine to range unseen, 'tis all I ask,
And frame new worlds beneath the silent
shade.

To look beyond the views of wealth and
pride,
Bidding the mind's-eye range without controul
Through wild extatic day-dreams far and
wide,
To bring returns of comfort to the soul.

To bid groves, hills, and lucid streams appear,
The gilded spire, arch'd dome and fretted vault;
And sweet society be ever near,
Love ever young, and friends without a fault.

I see entranc'd the gay conceptions rise,
My harvest ripen, and my white flocks thrive;
And still as fancy pours her large supplies,
I taste the godlike happiness to give.

To check the patient widow's deep-fetch'd sighs,
To shield her infant from the north-blast rude;
To bid the sweetly glist'ning tear arise,
Which swims in the glad eye of gratitude.

To join the artless maid and honest swain,
Where fortune rudely bars the way to joy;
To ease the tender mother's anxious pain,
And guard with fost'ring hand her darling boy.

To raise up modest merit from the ground,
To send the unhappy smiling from my door;
To spread content and chearfulness around,
And banquet on the blessings of the poor.

Delicious dream--how oft beneath thy pow'r,
Thus lightning the sad load of other's woe;
I steal from rigid fate one happy hour,
Nor feel I want the pity I bestow.

And, oh! how precious is that timely friend,
Who checks affliction in his dread career;
Who knows distress, well knows that he may lend,
One hour of life; who stops one rising tear.

O but for thee, long since the hand of care,
Had mark'd with livid pale, my furrow'd cheek;
Long since the shiv'ring hand of cold despair,
Had chill'd my heart, and taught it how to break.

For ah! affliction steals with trackless flight;
Silent the stroke she gives, but not less keen;
And bleak misfortune like an eastern blight,
Seeds black destruction though it flies unseen.

O come then fancy, and with lenient hand,
Dry my moist cheek, and smooth my furrow'd brow;
Bear me o'er smiling tracts of fairy land,
And give me more than fortune can bestow.

Mixt are her boons, and chequered all with ill,
Her smiles the sunshine of an April morn;
The cheerless valley skirts the gilded hill,
And latent storms in every breeze are borne.

Give me thy hope, which sickens not the heart,
Give me thy wealth, which has no wings to fly;
Give me the pride thy honors can impart,
Thy friendship give me, warm in poverty.

Give me a wish the worldling may deride,
The wise may censure, and the proud may hate;
Wrapt in thy dreams to lay the world aside,
And snatch a bliss, beyond the reach of fate.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

When Mr. Suckling was a young man, he was remarkable for a foppishness of dress, and effeminacy of manners, which rendered him extremely ridiculous, particularly among his brother tars, who gave him the appellation of *fine bones*. The anecdote we are now relating of him, however, affords a striking instance, that military men are not always to be judged of by appearances.—When Captain Suckling commanded a ship under the late Commodore Forrest, they were cruising three in company off the island Hispaniola, when, being observed by five French ships of superior force, then lying at Cape François, they immediately got under weigh with a view of capturing the British ships. The commodore judged it adviseable to make the signal for the other two ships to come within hale, in order that he might consult their captains on what was best to be done. The brave Suckling, without hesitation, reply'd, "Why, engage them to be sure—this so much astonished his ship's company, that they voluntarily gave *fine bones*

three hearty cheers. He then called his first lieutenant to him, and said, "Sir, I am sensible there are many reflections and prejudices against my character, if therefore, any part of my conduct, during the approaching engagement, should betray the least mark of impropriety or fear, I desire you will send me forthwith below deck, and take the command of the ship."—In short, Captain Suckling behaved with the utmost intrepidity throughout the action, and this little squadron gave the hauty monsieur so severe a drubbing, that they returned in the most shattered condition, to the great mortification of the inhabitants of Hispaniola, who had prepared a grand entertainment for the reception of the British prisoners. Commodore Forrest's squadron had scarce a mast standing when they put into port.

The following is the Speech of a Shawneesse Chief, to Lord Dunmore, after he had been fighting against him, which for nobleness of Sentiment, is not to be excelled in History.

"I appeal to any white man to say, if he

ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and I gave him not meat;—if ever he came cold or naked, and I gave him not cloathing—During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his tent, and an advocate for peace, nay such was my love of the whites, those of our own country pointed at me as they passed along and said 'Logan is a friend of the white men;' I had even thought to live with you, but for the injustices of *the man*, who, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, cut off all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children; there runs not a drop of my blood in any human creature; this called on me for *revenge*; I have sought it; I have killed many; I have glutted my revenge; for *my country* I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbour the thought that mine is the joy of *fear*: Logan never felt fear—he will not turn his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—*Not one.*"

An Author who says he thinks the French Nation excells our's in every thing except Courage, gives the following Account of an avaricious Frenchman, and says, he hopes it is unique even amongst them.

"Monsieur Vardille had been in some small government employ at Boulogne, where he undertook *another*, gratis, that of milk-taster general at the market, with which he washed down his bread, sufficient for the day. The fame of his riches, however, procured him preferment at Paris; he lodged in one of the highest garrets in the city, and employed a poor woman at a penny a day, to attend him. His constant food was bread and milk, except a little meagre wine on Sunday, and on that day he constantly gave *one farthing* to the poor, which amounted, as appeared in his books, after his death, to the sum of forty-three shillings and four-pence, in his whole life.

"In Paris, he lent out his money on undesirable security: but I should have said, when

he went there from Boulogne, he determined to make his journey on foot.

"He passed under the dress and character of a mendicant friar, and put into his pocket for road expences, *six sous*; and in order to make it hold out, he extorted charity, which his dress and appearance rendered him successful in doing, so that before he arrived, he had considerably augmented his capital. However, by multiplying his money from the age of sixteen to seventy-two, he became worth eight hundred thousand livres. He constantly bought his firing (wood) in the summer, and, as constantly stole some logs, while the woodman was packing up the rest. In his last illness he was told, that he must lose some blood; but the surgeon asking half a livre for the operation, he dismissed *him*, and sent for a barber. He was advised to be bled three times, and to lose, at each bleeding, about six ounces; but in order to save the *treble* expence of the barber, he let the *eighteen ounces out at once*, and thereby lost his life. He left all his fortune to Louis

XV; but whether the latter erected a statue or monument to his memory, is not recorded."

On Virtue.

Virtue is of intrinsic value, and good desert, and of indispensible obligation; not the creature of will, but *necessary* and *immutable*; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mind. Not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth, not dependant on power, but the guide of *all* power.

Virtue is the foundation of honor and esteem, and the source of all *beauty*, *order* and *happiness* in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient; and, without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities, and the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence,

or to any peculiar situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our being. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but *this* will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed

Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgotten; but *virtue* will remain *for ever;* this unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends; but what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes *God* our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his Almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it, no less than ourselves; it has the same authority in all worlds as in this; the farther any being is

advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence:—to say no more, it is the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; it is original in his nature, and it is the very object that make him lovely—such is the importance of virtue—of what consequence, therefore, is it, not that we *practice it*, there is no argument or motive which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this; one virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities; and of more value than all the treasures in the world. If you are wise, then, *study virtue*, and contemn every thing that can come in competition with it; remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish; remember that this alone is glory—honor—wealth—and happiness; *secure this*, and you secure *every* thing; *lose this* and *all* is lost.

Anecdote of Torquator Tasso.

The famous Torquator Tasso, by his Poem entitled Rinaldo, extended his reputation throughout all Italy; but greatly chagrined his father, who thought it might seduce him from studies more advantageous: accordingly he went to Padua, where his son then was, to remonstrate against his apparent purpose of devoting himself to philosophy and poetry, and made use of many very harsh expressions; all which Tasso heard with patience and tranquillity, which made the old gentleman still more angry. "Of what use" said he at last, "is that philosophy, of which you value yourself so much?"

"Sir," replied Tasso calmly, "it has enabled me to endure the harshness even of *your* reproof."

Anecdote of Sir Walter Raleigh.

When Sir Walter Raleigh was committed to the Tower, his friends, apprehen-

sive of the effects an unmerited confinement might have on his mind, procured leave for a physician to attend him. The doctor, at first, found him gloomy and thoughtful; his room was clad with terror; and the liniments of his visage, seemed to forebode something very dreadful: by degrees, however, his countenance became more serene, and the kind inquiries he began to make concerning his friends, gave room to expect an approaching change for the better: Thus matters went on for above a week; when one day, the physician entering rather hastily into his apartment found the great Sir Walter, the terror of Spain, the glory of England, and the reproach of the Monarch under whom he suffered, very busily engaged by himself at *push-pin:* The doctor was not a little pleased with the discovery; after staying a proper time, he went home transported to his friends, and telling them what he had seen, said "there would be no further occasion for his visits."

THE STORM.

The gloomy clouds, tremendous low'r,
Amidst the darken'd sky,
Behold, they blacken, more and more,
And speak a tempest nigh.

Th' impending cloud in sunder parts,
And bursts its sable frame,
And, from the quick expansion darts,
A momentary flame.

Sudden, yet active, in its flight,
With what resistless stroke,
It hurls the turret from its height,
Or rives the ancient oak.

Then, o'er the vaults of Heav'n on high,
Thick peals of thunder roll;
And loudly rumb'ling o'er the sky,
Convulse the steady pole.

Thus, shocks successive, unconfin'd,
A dreadful havock make;
And oft, alas! we see mankind
Fall, mingl'd in the wreck.

Lines on Resignation.

Fatigu'd with illness, sick with pain,
By various griefs opprest;
Calm *resignation* can sustain,
And soothe the soul to rest.

Hail Resignation, nymph divine;
Behold my aching heart;
O grant thy influence benign,
Thy saving grace impart.

On thee, attendant hope appears,
To whom the pow'r is giv'n,
To dissipate our gloomy fears,
And point the way to Heav'n.

Henceforth, nor sickness, care, or grief,
Shall reach my guarded mind;
Religion, grants a sure relief,
I *hope*, and am resign'd.

Anecdote of Lord Stair.

When that nobleman was ambassador in Holland, he made frequent entertain-

ments, to which the foreign ambassadors were constantly invited, not excepting the French, with whose nation we were then on the point of a rupture. In return, the Abbé de Ville, the French president, as often invited the English and Austrian ambassadors. The Abbé was a man of vivacity, and remarkable for a certain quaintness of expression—He one day proposed as a toast, "*The rising sun,*" (my master) alluding to a motto of Louis XIV. It then came to the turn of Baron de Reishbach to give a health, who, to countenance the Abbé, gave, "*The moon and fixed stars,*" in compliment to the Empress Queen, his mistress—When it came to the earl's turn, the eyes of the whole company were directed to him; but that nobleman, whose presence of mind never forsook him, drank his master, by the name of "*Joshua, the son of Nun, who made the sun and the moon to stand still.*

Anecdote of an Episcopal German Prince.

There is something very unnatural in the union of *civil* and *ecclesiastical* power and dignity which prevails in Germany.

An episcopal German prince, once in the hearing of an honest peasant, swore so bitterly, that the honest rustic could not forbear muttering, that "he thought it not proper in a christian bishop." "You are wrong good man," said the other, "I swear *not* as a *bishop*, but as a *prince*." "Very well," said the peasant, but "when the devil takes the prince for swearing, what will become of the bishop?"

Anecdote of King Alfred the Great.

During his retreat at Athelney in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, the following circumstance happened, which, while it convinces us of the *extremities* to which that great man was reduced, will give us a striking proof

of his *pious* and *benevolent disposition*—A beggar came to his little castle there and requested alms, when his Queen informed him, "that they had only one loaf remaining, which wasnot sufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone abroad in quest of food, though with little hopes of success." The King replied, "give the poor christian one-half of the loaf; "*He that could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make that half of the loaf suffice for more than half our necessities.*" Accordingly the poor man was relieved, and this noble act of charity, was soon recompensed by a providential supply of fresh provisions, with which his people returned.

ANECDOTE.

The celebrated Duke of Roelore was, in his person, very far from being agreeable; another nobleman, whose personal beauty was even inferior to that of Roelore, having killed his antagonist in a

duel, applied to the duke for his interest, who fairly rallied the King into a compliance. After the King had finished his fit of laughter, and given his royal promise, he added, but "for heaven's sake Roclore, what could induce you to be so strenuous in this intercession?" "I will tell your Majesty," replied Roclore, "*if he had suffered, I then should have been the ugliest man in all France.*"

BON MOT.

Upon a circuit, Mr. Sergeant K——p, who is a Sussex man, had been labouring for his client in a long-winded speech, but the verdict being found against him—— "Zounds," exclaimed the sergeant, "here have I been spending my breath for an hour, vainly endeavouring to convince twelve blockheads of a point, that's clear as demonstration—I believe my countrymen have been *inoculated for dullness*."—"That may be," said the wit, who had gained the cause, "but it seems you, Mr.

sergeant," unlike your countrymen, "have it in the *natural way*."

A Father's Advice to his Son.

AN ELEGY.

I.

Deep in a grove by cypress shaded,
Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
Or noise, the solemn scene invaded,
Save some afflicted Muses moan.

II.

A swain t'wards full-ag'd manhood wending,
Sat sorrowing at the close of day,
At whose fond side a boy attending,
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

III.

The father's eyes no object wrested,
But on the smiling prattler hung,
'Till what his throbbing heart suggested,
These accents trembl'd from his tongue.

IV.

" My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure;
My pratling innocent, *attend*,
Nor fear rebuke, or sour displeasure,
A father's loveliest name, is *friend*.

V.

" Some truths from long experience flowing,
Worth more than loyal grants, receive,
For *truths* are wealth of *Heaven's* bestowing,
Which King's have seldom pow'r to give.

VI.

" Since from an ancient race descended,
You boast an unattainted blood;
By your's be their fair fame attended,
And claim, by birth-right, to be *good*.

VII.

" In love for every fellow-creature,
Superior rise above the crowd;
What most ennobles human nature,
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

VIII.

" Be thine the gen'rous heart, that borrows
From other's joys a friendly glow ;
And for each neighbour's hapless sorrow,
Throbs with sympathetic woe.

IX.

" This is the temper most endearing,
Tho' wide proud pomp, her banner spreads ;
On heav'nlier pow'r, good-nature bearing
Each heart, in willing thraldom leads.

X.

" Taste not from Fame's uncertain fountain,
The peace-destroying streams that flow :
Nor from Ambition's dang'rous mountain,
Look down upon the world below.

XI.

" The princely pine on hills exalted,
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
By winds long-brav'd, at last assaulted,
Is headlong hurl'd in dust to lie.

XII.

" Whilst the mild rose more safely growing,
Low in its unaspiring vale,
Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
Exchanges sweets with ev'ry gale.

XIII.

" Wish not for beauties, darling features,
Molded by Nature's fondling pow'r;
The fairest form 'mong human creatures,
Shines but the pageant of an hour.

XIV.

" I saw the pride of all the meadow,
At morn, a gay Narcissus blow,
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
Bloom'd in the silver waves below.

XV.

" By noon-tide's heat, its youth was wasted,
The waters as they pass'd complain'd;
At eve, its glories all were blasted,
And not one former tint remain'd.

XVI.

" Nor let vain wits deceitful glory,
Lead you from wisdom's path astray ;
What genius lives renown'd in story ;
To happiness, who found the way ?

XVII.

" In yonder mead, behold that vapour,
Whose vivid beams illusive play ;
Far off it seems a friendly taper,
To guide the trav'ller on his way.

XVIII.

" But should some hopeless wretch pursuing,
Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
He'd find too late, his rashness ruing,
That fatal quicksands lurk below.

XIX.

" In life, such bubbles, nought admiring,
Gilt with false light, and fill'd with air—
Do *you* from pageant crowds retiring
To peace, in virtue's cot repair.

Curious Fact, relative to the Palace of St. James's

On the place where this edifice stands, was once an hospital, dedicated to the apostle St. James, originally founded by the citizens of London, for only fourteen poor maidens afflicted with the leprosy, who were to live a chaste and devout life; but afterwards, new donations increased the extent of the charity, and eight brethren were added, to minister divine service. This hospital, which is mentioned in a manuscript of the Cotton Library, so early as the year 1100, was at length suppressed by King Henry the Eighth, who allowed the sisters pensions, during the term of their lives, and taking down the edifice, built a palace in its room, which *retained the name of the hospital*, and is still standing. In this edifice, our King's have resided, ever since Whitehall was consumed by fire in 1697.

A remarkable and melancholy Instance of Heroism, in the Death of Prince Leopold, youngest Son of the Duke of Brunswick.

By the over-flowing of the Oder, which burst its banks in several places, and carried away houses, bridges, and every thing that opposed its course, numbers of people lost their lives; but of all the accidents arising from it, none was so generally lamented as was the death of this amiable prince, who standing at the side of the river, a woman threw herself at his feet, beseeching him to give orders for some persons to go to the rescue of her children, whom, bewildered by the sudden danger, she had left behind her in the house. Some soldiers who were also in the same place, were crying out for help; the prince endeavoured to procure a flat bottomed boat; but no one could be found to venture across the river, even though his Highness offered large sums of money, and promised

to share the danger. At last, moved by the cries of the unfortunate inhabitants of the suburb, and being led by the sensibility of his own benevolent heart, he took the resolution of going to their assistance himself; those who were about him, endeavoured to dissuade him from this hazardous enterprize, but touched by the distress of the miserable people, he replied in the following words, which so nobly picture his character: —— "What am I, more than either you or they, I am a man like yourselves, and nothing ought to be attended to here, but the voice of humanity." Unshaken, therefore, in his resolution, he immediately embarked with three waterman, in a small boat, and attempted to cross the river, the boat did not want above three lengths of the bank when it struck against a tree, and in an instant they all together, with the boat, disappeared.

A few minutes after, the prince rose again, and supported himself a short time by taking hold of the tree; but the violence of the current soon bore him down, and he never ap-

peared more: The boatmen, more fortunate, were every one saved, and the prince alone became the victim of his own humanity. The whole city were in affliction for the loss of this truly amiable prince, whose humility, gentleness of manners, and compassionate disposition, endeared him to all ranks. He lived indeed, as he died, in the highest exercise of humanity.

Anecdotes of Voltaire.

When M. L'Abbé Pellegrin, complained that he had pillaged some lines from him, and introduced them into a tragedy of his own. What, replied Voltaire, have I stolen from you? I can now account for the damnation of my play.

As he was one day praising Hallar, in the presence of a flatterer of that celebrated naturalist. Ah! sir, said Hallar's deceitful friend, how much is it to be wished that he would speak thus of the works written by *you*, which he always abuses.

Perhaps we are both mistaken (returnedthe poet.)

A celebrated actress reciting her part in a negligent manner before him, "Really madam," said he, "it is to very little purpose, that I write verses six feet high, if you gulp down three of them."

He told Sarrazin, who recited a scene in Brutus in a languid manner, you seem to be saying, "Oh Holy Virgin, grant that I may get a hundred pound prize in the lottery."

Another actor, pronounced the following lines in a flat and insipid manner :—

"Instant the conqueror peaceful shall appear,
"The truce proclaimed, he comes, behold him here."

"Yes," says the poet, "the conqueror is coming ; but you announce him as if one should say, stand out of the way, dont you see the cow."

Curious Anecdote of Richard III.

In the town of Leicester, the house is still shewn, where Richard III. passed the

night before the battle of Bosworth, and there is a story of him still preserved in the corporation records, which illustrates the caution and darkness of that prince's character.

It was his custom to carry among the baggage of his camp, a cumbersome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only one he could sleep in—here he contrived a secret receptacle for his treasure, which lay concealed under a weight of timber.

After the fatal day on which Richard fell, the Earl of Richmond entered Leicester, with his victorious troops: The friends of Richard were pillaged; but the bed was neglected by every plunderer, as useless lumber. The owner of the house, afterwards discovering the hord, became suddenly rich, without any visible cause; he bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being mayor of Leicester.

Many years afterwards his widow, who

had been left in great affluence, was murdered for her wealth, by a servant maid who had been privy to the affair, and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices, the whole transaction came to light.

Curious Fact, relative to the Dutch Fisheries.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, when the war was at an end, and peace restored both at home and abroad, the number of men discharged, as usual, from the land and sea service, caused so many idlers at home, that robberies and disorders, increased to a very alarming degree; in order to remedy which, in a specific manner, it was found necessary to find employment for those who had been thus turned adrift. The cabinet met several times, but could come to no particular determination.

Van D'Oysterman a Dutchman, (who,

was a favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and her minister Lord Burleigh) told the queen, who was lamenting these disasters, that England always furnished a mode of employment to her inhabitants were they even more numerous. Upon being called upon for an explanation, he pointed out the fisheries, and in consequence thereof, some schemes were in agitation to be put into execution, when death seized the queen, and soon after, her minister.

Van D'Oysterman, being treated coolly by her successor James I. left England, and went to his native country Holland, where the States, who, by an end to the war, had also a number of idle hands, very readily embraced their countryman's proposal, which they proceeded directly in. Such was the foundation of the Dutch fisheries, which have proved a mine of wealth to them.

Hymn to Adversity.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast;

Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour,
The *bad* affright, afflict the best.
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan,
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire, to send on earth,
Virtue his darling child designed;
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse thy rigid lore,
With patience many a year she bore,
What sorrow was thou bads't her know,
And from her own she learn't, to melt at
other's woe.

Scared at thy frowns terrific fly,
Self-pleasing folly's idle brood;
With laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go,
The summer's friend, the flattering foe,
By vain prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again
believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapt'rous thoughts profound,
And melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground;
Still on thy solemn steps attend,
Warm charity, the gen'ral friend,
With justice to herself severe,
And pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing
tear.

Oh gently on thy suppliants head,
Dread goddess lay thy chast'ning hand,
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad
Nor circled with the vengeful band;
As by the impious thou art seen,
With thundering voice and threat'ning
mien,
With screaming horror's funeral cry,
Despair and fell disease, and ghastly poverty.

Thy form benign O goddess wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart;

The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

Remarkable Instance of heroic Tenderness, Courage, and Fidelity, exemplified in the Life of Mrs. R.

The following account will penetrate the reader of sensibility with tender woe, and generous admiration. As a *fiction*, it would be beautiful, but as a FACT, a simple, *unornamented fact*, (which it is) what bosom, but must glow with approbation, melt in softness, or beat with emulation?

It is the fashion to sport sentiments we do not feel, and counterfeit passions we do not comprehend—half of our young women are heroines; many of them yield up their *fancies*, rather than their *hearts*, to the sudden sally of inclination and preference; some (and those not a few) are struck with

a spirit of enterprize and elopement, on account of their novelty, and because it encourages female Quixotism: but it very seldom happens, that female fidelity, with unimpaired virtue, and increasing ardour, follows the dear object of its choice, through *dangers* the most imminent, *distress* the most acute, and *disasters* the most complicated.

Newton, Richardson, and Rousseau, have not presented a female, who can dispute the prize of honor, or of fortitude, with Mrs. R.; to her it was reserved to vindicate her sex, from a charge which has gone forth, that modern attachments are either mercenary or romantic.

Mrs. R. having met with opposition in her engagement with Captain Charles R. she followed him (in man's attire) to America, where, after such a research and fatigue, as scarce any of her sex could have undergone, she found him in the woods, *wounded with a poisoned arrow.* Having heard of the good effects, in similar cases, of sucking

the wound, she, with an ardor and vigilance, which nothing but such a passion could inspire, saved his life by applying that remedy, and nursing him with scarce a covering from the sky for six weeks; during which time she remained perfectly unsuspected by him, having dyed her skin with lime and bark, and continuing to wear a man's habit, still supported by his expressions of love and regret. Recovering, they removed to Philadelphia, where, as soon as a clergyman was found to join her to him for ever, *she appeared as herself*, the priest accompanying her. They lived for the space of four years in a state of happiness, scarcely known in the present age: And that was only interrupted by her declining health—the fatigues she had undergone, and the poison which she had imbibed from his wound, not being properly expelled, her constitution was impaired. The knowledge he had of it, and the piercing regret of having been the occasion, affecting him still more sensibly, he died with a broken heart in John's

town. She lived to return, and implore forgiveness of her family, whom she had distressed so long, by their ignorance of her destiny. Soon after which she died, as remarkable for her beauty, as her constancy.

Character of Lord Chancellor Talbot.

It is remarkable, that this excellent man obtained the honor and reverence of this country, at a season when no foreign or domestic occurrences occasioned any considerable events; therefore, as facts cannot be related from which the reader may collect a just idea of him, words must faintly describe those extraordinary qualities which combined to compleat his character; and though future generations may imagine, those virtues heightened beyond their true proportion, it is a suspicion not to be apprehended from the present age.

Eloquence never afforded greater charms,

from any orator, than when the public attention listened to his sentiments, delivered with a most graceful modesty, nor did wisdom and knowledge ever support it, with more extensive power, nor integrity force it with greater weight.

In apprehension, he so far exceeded the common rank of men, that he instantaneously, or by a kind of intuition, saw the strength or imperfection of any argument. And so penetrating was his sagacity, that the most perplexing and intricate mazes of the law could never so invole and darken the truth, as to conceal it from his discernment.

As a member of each house of parliament, no men ever had a higher deference paid to his abilities, or more confidence placed in his inflexible public spirit: for so excellent was his temper, so candid his disposition in debate, that he never offended those whose arguments the opposed.

When his merit, and the unanimous suffrage of his country, induced his prince to

trust him with the great seal, his universal affability, his easiness of access, his humanity to the distressed, which his employment too frequently presented to his view, and his great dispatch of business, engaged to him the affection and almost veneration of all who approached him; and by constantly delivering with his decrees, the reasons upon which they were founded, his court was a very instructive school of *equity*, and his decisions were generally attended with such convictions to the parties, against whose interest they were made, that their acquiescence in them commonly prevented any further expence. As no servile expedient raised him to power, his country knew he would use none to support him in it. He was constant and regular in his devotions, both in his family and in publick; his piety was exalted, rational, and unaffected. He was firm in maintaining the true interest and legal rights of the church of England; but an enemy to persecution.

When he could obtain a short interval

from business, the pompous formalities of his station were thrown aside. His table was a scene where *wisdom* and *science* shone, enlivened and adorned with elegance of wit: *there* was joined the utmost freedom of dispute, with the highest good breeding; and the vivacity of mirth, with primitive simplicity of manners. When he had leisure for exercise, he delighted in field sports, and even in those trifles shewed that he was formed to excel in whatever he engaged, and had he indulged himself more in them, especially at a time when he found his health unequal to the excessive fatigues of his post, the nation might not have so *early* deplored a loss, it could so ill sustain. But though he was removed at a season of life, when others, but begin to shine, he might be justly said, to have lived enough for life and glory.

"Satis et ad vitam et ad gloriam, vixisse."

And his death united in one general concern, a nation which scarce ever unanimous-

ly agreed in any other particular, and notwithstanding the warmth of political divisions, each party endeavoured to outvie the other in a due reverence tohis memory.

Anecdote of the late Sir Geo. Saville.

This worthy baronet, was remarkably fond of sailing, and was pursuing his favourite amusement on the Humber, with an old fisherman, when the vessel, in running near the wind, admitted a great quantity of water.

Sir George, turning to the old man with great composure, asked him, how much more water he thought she would hold before she would sink? Who replied, "Half a bucket full an please you Sir George," on which the sails were unfurled, and they came safe to shore.

The old man on being asked by some of his acquaintance (afterwards) why he did not apprize Sir George of his danger earlier, replied "Why marry is'e an auld man, and thought I could not die in better company."

Anecdote of Philip of Macedon.

Some friends of Philip of Macedon, advising him to banish a man who had spoken ill of him at court, "By no means (said he) for that is the ready way to make him rail at me where I am less known;" being importuned to punish the ingratitude of the Peloponnesians, for having hissed him at the Olympick games, "How will they serve me, replied he, should I punish them, when they cannot forbear affronting me after so many obligations."

Being at another time advised by some of his courtiers to punish a man who had spoke disrespectfully of him, "Let us first see (said he) whether I have not given him some *occasion* for doing so;" and, on inquiry, finding that this man had done him services without receiving any reward, he gave him a considerable gratuity.

Another Instance of the good Effects of Clemency.

Augustus Cæsar being informed of the conspiracy against his life, conducted by Lucius Cinna, was at first moved by resentment to resolve upon the cruelest punishment; but, reflecting afterwards, that Cinna was a young man of an illustrious family, and nephew to the great Pompey, he broke out into bitter fits of passion. "Why, live I, if it be for the good of many that I should die? Must there be no end to my cruelties? Is my life of so great value, that oceans of blood must be shed to preserve it?" His wife, Livia, finding him in this perplexity—"Will you take a woman's council?" said she, "imitate the physicians, who, when the ordinary remedies fail, make trial of extraordinary ones. By *severity*, you have prevailed nothing. Lepides has followed Saviadius; Morena, Lepides; Capio, Mo-

rena; and Ignatius Capio. Begin now, and try whether sweetness and clemency may not succeed.

"Cinna is detected—forgive him, he will not henceforward hurt thee and it will be an act of glory."—Augustus was a man of sense; he approved of the advice, and calling Cinna to him, spoke as follows:—

"Thou knowest, Cinna, that having joined my enemies, I have given thee thy life; restored to thee all thy goods, and advanced thy fortune equally with the best of those, who had always been my friends; the sacerdotal office I conferred upon thee, after having denied it to others who had borne arms in my service; and yet, after so many obligations, thou hast undertaken to murder me!"

Seeing Cinna astonished and silent with the consciousness of guilt; he went on as follows:—"Well, Cinna, go thy way, I again give thee that life, as a traitor and a parricide, which I before gave thee as an enemy: let friendship from this time for-

ward commence between us; and let us make it appear, whether thou hast received thy life, or I have given it with a better faith." Some time after, he preferred Cinna to the consular dignity; their friendship continued uninterrupted till Cinna's death; who, in token of his gratitude, appointed Augustus to be his sole heir—who reaped the due reward of a clemency so generous and exemplary; for, from that time, there never was the slightest conspiracy or attempt against him.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF ROYAL CLEMENCY.

After the late Revolution in this kingdom, letters were intercepted from the Earl of Godolphin to the dethroned King.

This was a crime against the state; but not a crime to be ashamed of; the earl, at the same time, was a man of approved virtue, The King, at a private conference

with the earl, produced the letters, commended his zeal for his former master, however blind it might be, expressed a wish to have the earl for his friend; and, at the same time, burned the letters, that the earl might not be under any constraint.

This act of generosity gained the earl's heart, and his faithful services ever after.

ELEGY ON THE MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK.

Where were ye then, ye guardian angels flown?
Why slept your aid, ye friends of virtue, tell?
When virtue pure and radiant as your own;
When unforewarn'd, lamented Russel fell.
Oh, drag the father from the breathless clay,
The mother sinks beneath the heart-felt blow—
What change of fate, can grief like their's allay,
Or soothe the phrensy of parental woe.

Ah ! too disast'rous pair, for you in vain,
The rolling months their various tribute bring,
With richest verdure blooms th' extended plain,
With gay profusion smiles the teeming spring.

Dismay'd for ever, brooding o'er the tomb,
Sits wan despair, and loads the gale with sighs,
While sorrow, wailing through the mid-night gloom,
And silent pity, with her tearful eyes.

But hark ! a voice from yonder twilight grove,
In frantic accents to the wind complains,
It seems the partner of his tend'rest love,
To weep in anguish o'er his dear remains.

Oh, fly the spot, where mad'ning woes increase,
Nor linger here when ev'ry joy is fled ;
What voice can pour th' lenient balm of peace,
O'er the sad scene, that strikes all comfort dead.

Ah! yet awhile, indulge the streaming tear,
O'er the cold stone in wild'ring horror hang,
Give a short loose to ev'ry sorrow here,
And feed awhile the agonizing pang.

Then think, tho' parted, to return no more,
Tho', thus forlorn, thou mourn'st his early doom;
His bark is landed on some happier shore,
Some region smiling with eternal bloom.

There, may a crown of never-fading joy,
And many a wreath by angels' fingers twin'd;
Th' unbounded bliss, which time can ne'er destroy,
Your spotless faith, your virtuous loves shall find.

Then think, tho' ravish'd from thy widow'd arms,
From thee his living form be then remov'd;
His spirit shields thee from impending harms,
Still fondly hov'ring o'er the scenes he lov'd.

So shall he walk, where once he lov'd to stray,
For thee still flourish with eternal green;
So shall the turf that wraps his buried clay,
For ever deck'd with freshest flowers be seen.

Then shall each morn, serene, unclouded rise,
'Till thy pure spirit, freed from earthly care,
Shall wing her flight, beyond the azure skies,
And meet thy husband in an angel there.

ELEGY, ON THE DEATH OF THE MARCHIONESS.

Thou Muse of melancholy gloom,
That brooding late o'er Russel's tomb
Did'st weep, the untimely spoil of death,
Haste, search the shadowy groves of Bay,
Haste, pluck again the cypress spray,
And twine the green funerial wreath.

Then breathe the sad regretful strain,
Where folly leads her sportive train,
Fast link'd in pleasure's silken bands,
Paint fair Eliza in a shroud—
Then ask the gay, the young, the proud,
What pause the with'ring sight demands?

The pair, by Heaven's creative pow'r,
First plac'd in Eden's happy bow'r,
Not purer, nor more truly lov'd;
For them fair health new-plum'd her wing,
Youth led the rosy hours of spring,
Each liv'd approving, and approv'd.

Oh ye from crowds and noise retir'd,
Whose souls by finer breath inspir'd,
More exquisitely think and feel;
Behold, the dire reverse——forbear,
To check the big, the gushing tear,
Which pity knows not to conceal.

Hark! 'tis distraction's piercing cry,
"Where shall the widow'd mourner fly?"
Your deepest shades ye forests lend;
In vain, nor art, nor friendship's aid,
Can heal the breach that death has made,
Or mem'ry's busy pow'r suspend.

Awhile through sorrow's thorny road,
Beneath despair, oppressive load,
To drag life's galling chain she tries;
Reflection ever restless found,
Still points her Russel's gory wound,
She sickens at the sight, and dies.

So when the storm's resistless sway,
Tears the deep-rooted elm away,
And spreads its branches far and wide;
The fond embracing vine, in vain,
Asks for its support again,
And withers in its greenest pride.

Oh say, ye grov'ling herd, who bind
Th' aspiring soul that mounts the wind,
To this low-seated vale of care—
"Is this the meed of virtuous love,
For constancy, unknown to rove,
For truth so bright, so lovely fair?"

No, they have found a safer shore,
Where grief and pain shall be no more;
Where wretches shall, at last have rest;
Far other climes, unsoil'd with woe,
Where wedded love refin'd shall glow,
Still blessing, and for ever blest.

ANECDOTE OF HAYDN.

The musicians of the Prince Esthersay, having had some disagreement with the officers of his household, offered to quit his service, which was accepted, from a persuasion that they would soon change their humour. The day, however, for their departure was fixed, and the evening before they performed the last concert they were to give the Prince; the celebrated Haydn, composed on this occasion, a symphony, the conclusion of which, is of an extraordinary kind—It is an adagio, in which each instrument plays, one after the other, a solo; at the end of each part, Haydn wrote these words:—"*Put out your candle, and go about your business.*" In fact, the first hautboy, and the second French horn went away first: after them the second hautboy and the first horn; then the bassoons, and so on with the rest of the performers; there were left behind, only

two violins to finish the symphony. "The Prince," quite astonished, asked Haydn "the meaning of all this?" Hadyn told him, that "the musicians were going away; and that their carriages were at the door, waiting for them." The Prince had the generosity to send for them back; he reproached them feelingly, for deserting so good a master. They threw themselves at his feet, and entered again into his service. This symphony, with all its pantomimic, was performed in the old music-hall at Paris, to the great diversion of the public.

ANECDOTE.

Cornelia, daughter of the great Scipio, and wife of the Consul Sempronius, was one day in company with some Roman ladies, who were shewing their trinkets, and admiring their jewels, and whose minds seemed wholly occupied about their dress; observing Cornelia sit silent among them,

they asked her to "shew them *her* jewels?" upon which, with a true maternal pleasure, she called her *children* to her, and presenting them to the company, said, "these, ladies; these, are my ornaments; these are my jewels, whom I have endeavoured to educate, for the good and glory of their country."

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF INGRATITUDE.

During the time of Monmouth's rebellion, in the reign of James the Second, one *of his party*, knowing the humane disposition of one Mrs. Gaunt, whose life was one continued exercise of benevolence, fled to her house, where he was concealed, and maintained for some time; hearing, however, of the proclamation, which promised an indemnity and reward to those who discovered such as harboured the rebels; he betrayed his benefactress; and such was the spirit of *justice and equity*,

which prevailed among the ministers, that *he* was pardoned, and rewarded for his treachery; and *she* was burnt alive for her charity.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF DOCTOR GLOVER.

The late Doctor Glover, of convivial memory, though regularly bred to physic and surgery, was, for a short period in the early part of his life, an actor on the Dublin stage, during which time he conceived the idea, that many persons in a state of suspended animation might, by a proper and timely treatment, be restored to society: The truth of which, has been since amply proved by the success of that laudable institution, the Humane Society. The doctor was so confident of his opinion being well founded, that he laid a wager with a brother comedian, that the first malefactor who was executed, he would restore to life. The bet was accepted, and, a few days after, the doctor had an opportunity of proving

he was right, on the apparently dead body of a man who was hanged for a robbery. He was, however, rather unfortunate in the choice of his subject; for the following day, the fellow, having inquired out the doctor's lodging, and being shewn into the room where he was sitting, he addressed him by the name of *Father*, and insisted, that "as he had given him life, it was his duty to support him as his son, and which he should expect he would do." The singularity of the application so amazed the doctor, that it was some time before he recovered his powers, sufficiently to enable him to push the newly raised *dead man* from his apartment.

His hopeful heir, however, deeming this an unparental reception, had the audacity to enter the theatre the same evening, and from the gallery, harangued the audience whilst the doctor was acting.—From the man's unfeeling conduct, he was at length obliged to quit his place; the doctor, however, to get rid of the trouble-

some importunity of *his son*, made him a present, with which he immediately embarked for England.

Curious Anecdote of Oliver Cromwell.

His very infancy was marked with a peculiar accident, that seemed to threaten the existence of the future Protector, for his grandfather, Sir Henry Cromwell, having sent for him to Hinchinbrook, when an infant in arms, a monkey, took him from the cradle, and ran with him upon the lead that covered the roofing of the house; alarmed at the danger Oliver was in, the family brought beds to catch him upon, fearing the creature should drop him, but the sagacious animal brought him down in safety. So narrow an escape had he, who was doomed to be the conqueror and sovereign of those mighty nations, from the paws of a monkey.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

He had a disposition, prone to playfulness and mischief; his bold and daring temper, probably led him into great danger, for when he was a youth, he was near drowning, but was saved by a Mr. Johnson, a clergyman, who many years after, was recognized by Oliver, when he was marching at the head of his soldiers, through Huntingdon, and asked him—"whether he did not remember saving his life?" "Yes," said the *aged* and *loyal curate of Connington*, "I do, but I wish I had suffered you to drown, rather than see you in arms against your King."

ANECDOTE.

In King James the First's reign, a clergyman was to preach before the Vice Chancellor, at Cambridge, who was a very drowsy person.

He took his text from the 26th Chapter of St. Matthew—"What, can ye not watch one hour?"—and took an opportunity *very often* to repeat the words, which, *as often* awoke the chancellor, and made him so angry, that at the first opportunity he complained to the bishop of him, who sent for the young man, to hear what he had to say for himself, for having offended the vice chancellor, to so high a degree.

The bishop was pleased with his defence, and found him to be so good a scholar, that he ordered him to preach before the King, which he did, and took for his text,

James 1. and 6. "*waver not*," which at first a little startled the King; but in the end, he was so well pleased with his sermon, that he made him one of his chaplains—after which the bishop sent him to Cambridge, to make his recantation to the vice chancellor, and preach his *farewell sermon:* when he took for his text, "Whereas I said before, what, can ye not watch one hour? and it gave offence; I say unto you

now, sleep on and take your rest," and so left the university.

Curious Historical Anecdote of Queen Elizabeth.

When the Princess Elizabeth came forth from her confinement in the Tower, she went into the church of All-hallows, Staining Lane, the first church she found open, to return thanks for her deliverance from prison.

As soon as this pious work was concluded, and the thanksgiving finished, the Princess and her attendants retired to the King's Head, in Fenchurch-street, to take some refreshment, and here her Royal Highness was regaled with *pork and peas*.

The memory of the visit is still preserved, there; and on the 17th of November, her *Highnesses birth day*, certain people still meet to eat *pork and peas*, in honor of the visit, and the day. It must be observed, however, that as the Princess Elizabeth

came from her confinement in the Tower (according to Mr. Nichol's, in his Progresses) some day in May, the *original day*, has probably been lost and forgotten, and the *birth day*, substituted in its stead. A print of the Princess Elizabeth, from a picture, by Hans Holbin, is hanging up in the *great room* of the tavern, and the dish which appears to be of a mixt metal, in which the pork and peas were served up, still remains affixed to the *dresser in the kitchen.*

ANECDOTE.

Goupy, attended as an assistant drawing master, at the palace of his late Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales. When he was one day there, his present Majesty, George III. being then a very little boy, for some trifling fault, was ordered to stand behind a chair as a prisoner. Goupy was ordered to go on with his drawing. How can I, replied the artist, make a draw-

ing worthy the attention of your Royal Highness, when I see the prince standing behind your chair, under your displeasure. You may return to your seat, sir, said the good natured Prince of Wales; but remember, that *Goupy* has released you.

As Goupy grew old, he became poor. At the accession of his present Majesty, he was eighty-four. Soon after that period, walking in pensive mood, and piteous plight, on the Kensington road, he observed the royal carriage, and pulled off his hat; the face of the old man caught the King's eye, he ordered the coach to stop, called the friendless artist to the door, and asked him how he went on, and what he had to live on? "Little enough in truth, replied the old man, little enough, but as I was once so happy as to take your majesty out of prison, I hope you will not suffer me to *go into one*:" Indeed I will not, replied the king, who immediately ordered him a handsome allowance weekly; but which he did not live long to enjoy.

The following curious Circumstance is related in Mark Noble's Memoirs of the Cromwell Family.

In the year 1653, May the 17th, a picture of Oliver Cromwell was brought by a gentleman in a carriage, and placed upon one of the pillars of the Royal Exchange: When, having walked two or three turns there, he returned to his coach.

Under the Picture were these Lines.

Ascend these thrones great captain and divine,
By the will of God; O Lion, for they are thine;
Come priest of God, bring robes, bring gold,
Bring crowns and scepters, 'tis high time to unfold,
Your cloistered flags, ye state cheats, lest the rod,
Of steel and iron, of this your King and God,

Pay in's wrath with interest kneel, and pray,
To Oliver, the torch of Sion, the star of day;
Shout then the merchants, city, and gentry sing,
And all bare headed, cry, God save the King.

After the change was over, it was taken down and carried to the Lord Mayor, who that afternoon presented it himself to Oliver at Whitehall. It was supposed that Cromwell himself caused this to be exhibited at the Exchange, to try how far the people would approve of his taking the title of King.

Anecdote of Bishop Atterbury.

In the debates on the occasional conformity and schism bill in the House of Lords, in December, 1718. Lord Corsingsby, fell foul on the Bishop of Rochester, (Doctor Atterbury) for calling himself a *prophet*,

the day before, and added, as I am sure I have read as much scripture as he, or any other bishop of them all, so I have found there a prophet very like him, namely, Balaam, who like that right reverend, drove so very furiously, that he constrained the very ass he rode on, to open his mouth, and reprove the madness of the prophet.

The bishop, when his lordship had finished his fiery transports, rose up in a very demure and humble way, and thanked his lordship for the notice he had taken of him, and which he received as an honor, it coming from so polite and noble a lord, though accompanied with so acute a reflection, that he confessed the ingenious peer, had *wittily* and *happily* applied Balaam to him, a prophet, priest, and preacher being often promiscuously used; but there still wanted the application of the *ass*, and his lordship being the only one who had reproved him, he needs must take the ass upon *himself*; from that time his lordship was called *Atterbury's Ass.*

Lines Written upon an ingenious Musician, who had as cunning a Head as he had a Finger, and who lately performed a SOLO *at Bath, which proved rather affecting to some of the Tradesmen.*

" His *time* was short, his *touch* was neat,
Our gold he freely finger'd;
Alert alike with hands and feet,
His *movements* have not linger'd.

But where's the wonder of the case,
A moment's thought detects it;
His *practice* has been *thorough bass*,
A *chord* will be his exit.

Yet, while we blame his hasty flight,
Our censure may be rash;
A traveller is surely right,
To change his *notes* to cash.

Anecdote of the late King of Prussia.

A lady of high fashion, complimenting the King in such high terms, that his Majesty was rather disgusted, than pleased: and

saying, amongst other things, that he was covered with glory, was the peace maker of Europe, and the greatest Monarch and man upon earth. Madam, replied the King, "You are as handsome as an angel; witty, elegant, and agreeable, in short, you possess all the admirable qualities—but *you paint.*

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

Some years ago, at the theatre, in Dublin, Mrs. Glyn, (a new actress) having made her first appearance in the character of Lady Townley, three high-bred women of fashion in the stage box, grossly insulted her, by talking loud, coughing, &c. The actress, was greatly distressed, stopped, and at length burst into a flood of tears, and retired. The ladies, *unabashed,* for a moment, enjoyed their triumph, when a great uproar ensued, and *go on, go on,* was heard from all parts of the house, when a young collegion suddenly jumped upon a bench, and exclaimed to the audience,

" My friends who sit about me are determined the play shall *not* go on, until those *three drunken gentlemen in women's clothes* leave the stage box. This address was universally applauded, and being followed by a shower of oranges and apples from both galleries; the amazonians retired in the utmost confusion, amidst the hoots and hisses of the spectators.

Anecdote of the Duke of Newcastle.

At the close of an election at Lewes, the late duke of Newcastle was so delighted with the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost fell upon his neck and kissed him, " My dear friend, I love you dearly, you are the greatest man in the world, I long to serve you, what can I do for you?"

May it please your grace, (replied the man) an exciseman of this town is very old, I would beg leave to succeed him as soon as he dies. " Aye, that you shall, with all my heart, I wish, for your sake, he was dead and buried now, as soon as he is, set

out for me, my dear friend, be it night or day insist upon seeing me, sleeping or waking—if I am not at Clement, come to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, come to court, if I am not at court, never rest, till you find me, not the sanctum sanctorum, or any place that should be kept sacred, from such a dear worthy good soul as you are, nay, I would give orders for you to be admitted, though the *King* and I were talking secrets together in the cabinet. The voter swallowed every thing the duke said, with extacy, and scraping down to the very ground, returned to wait with patience and faith for the death of the exciseman, who took his leave of this wicked world the following winter.——As soon as ever the duke's friend was apprised of it, he set off to London, and reached Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, about two o'clock in the morning. The King of Spain, had, about this time, been seized with a disorder, which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expresses, he could not pos-

sibly survive; amongst these, the noble duke was the most credulous, and probably the most anxious. On the very first moment of receiving this intelligence, he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste, as soon as ever the death of his Catholic Majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the time on which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the duke would not retire to his rest, 'till he had given the strictest orders, to send any person to his chamber, who should desire admittance: When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter, "Yes, his grace has been in bed some time; but we were directed to awaken him as soon as ever you came; ah, God bless him, said the voter, the duke told me I should always be welcome, by night or by day, pray shew me up.

The happy visitor, was scarcely conducted to the door, when he rushed into

the room, and in the transport of his joy, cried out, " My Lord, he's dead;" that's well my dear friend, I am glad of it, with all my soul, (said the duke) when did he die? the morning before last, an please your grace! What, so lately? why, my worthy good creature you must have flown; the lightning itself could not travel half so quick as you.

Tell me, you best of men, how shall I reward you. All I wish for in this world is, that your grace would please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him. *You*—you blockhead, *you* King of Spain—What family pretensions can you have? Lets look at you.

By this time, the astonished duke, had thrown back the curtains, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was seen with rage and disappointment. To have robbed him of his rest, might have been forgiven; but to have fed him with the groundless supposition that the King of Spain was dead, became a matter of resent-

ment. He was at first dismissed with all the violence of anger and refusal, at length, the victim of his passion became an object of his mirth, and when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raised the *candidate for monarchy* into a post, which from the colour of the present times, may, to some, seem as honourable—he made him an exciseman.

The following is extracted from Paley's "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy"—On the Treatment of our Domestics and Dependents.

"A party of friends, setting out together upon a journey, soon find it to be the best for all sides, that while they are upon the road, *one* of the company should wait upon the rest, *another* to ride forward to seek out lodging and entertainment; a *third*—carry the portmantua; a *fourth*—take care of the horses, a *fifth*—bear the purse, conduct, and direct the route; not

forgetting, however, that as they were equal and independent, when they set out, so they are all to return to a level again at their journey's end. The same regard and respect, the same *forbearance*, *lenity*, and *tenderness*, in using their service; the same *mildness*, in delivering commands; the same study to make their journey comfortable, and agreeable to them, which he, whose lot it was to direct the rest, would in common decency, think himself bound to observe towards them ought *we* to shew to those, who, in the casting of the parts of human society, happen to be placed within our power, or, to depend upon us.

Another reflection of the same tendency is, that our obligation to them, is much greater than their's to us. It is a mistake to suppose, that the rich man maintains his servants, tradesmen, tenants, and labourers; the truth is, *they maintain him*—it is their *industry* which supplies his table, furnishes his wardrobe, builds his houses, adorns his equipage, and provides his amusements.

Although surrounded by a thousand woes,
E'en on a bed of straw, how sweet's repose!
Come then O Morpheus, with thy drowsy train,
Faithful reliever of the wretches pain;
Upon my drooping eye-lids spread thy vest,
With not a vision to disturb my rest;
So chance may I, amid a thousand woes,
Taste all the comforts of a sweet repose.

Lines on Hope.

Oh! ever skill'd to wear the form we love,
To bid the shapes of grief, and fear depart;
Come, gentle hope, with one gay smile remove,
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice benign, enchantress, let me hear,
Say, that for *me*, some pleasures *yet* shall bloom;
That *fancy's* radiance, *friendship's* precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chace misfortune's gloom;

But come not glowing in the dazling ray,
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye,
Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer, on my way,
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die!
Visions *less* fair, will sooth *my* pensive breast,
That asks *not happiness*; but longs for rest.

Extract from a curious Manuscript, A. D. 1623.

George Mountain, died and was buried at Cawood, where he was born; having an inscription on his tomb, mentioning all his preferments, yet giving no light to what has been reported of him; for it is said, that his mother was a beggar woman, who travelled with her son George, to Lincoln, seemed to follow her occupation in that city, and the adjacent towns and villages; but the lad carrying the bag, and at one

time, eating more than his mother was willing to allow, he ran away from her, fearing a severe correction, when coming to a gentleman's house, he took compassion on him, and ordered him to attend in the kitchen; but perceiving his bright parts, he gave him an equal education with his son, which put him in the road for ecclesiastical preferment. In process of time, he became Bishop of Lincoln, and made inquiry for his mother, who happened to open a gate through which his lordship was to pass to that city, and having found her, he tenderly embraced her, and ordered that care should be taken of her, during life, after which he was made Bishop of London, and then of Durham.

The archbishopric of York being vacant, many were the candidates for it.—The King, being in suspense who to give it to, sent to *Mountain*, to clear the difficulty, who *modestly* observed, that "if his Majesty had faith, he might work miracles."

The King replied, "Miracles had ceased, and what had *faith* to do in this point?"

"To convince your Majesty to the contrary," said the bishop, "be only pleased to say to *this Mountain*," pointing to himself,) "*be you removed into yonder sea*, I am sure your Majesty will be forthwith obeyed." The King smiling, and taking the hint—"Why then, *Mountain*," said he, "I will remove thee;" and accordingly sent him down, Lord Archbishop.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

In the suite of the late Princess Amelia, there was a lady of the name of Russel, who was grand-daughter of *Oliver Cromwell*, and who, it appears, inherited, without any alloy, much of *his* undaunted and ready spirit

One *thirtieth of January*, she was waiting, and occupied in adjusting some part of the Princesses attire, just as the

then Prince of Wales, the father of his present Majesty, came into the room.

His Royal Highness accosted Miss Russel, rather sportingly, and said to her, "For shame, Miss Russel, why have you not been at church humbling yourself, with weepings and wailings, for the sin, as on this day committed by your grand-father."

"Sir," replied Miss Russel, "for a *grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell*, it is humiliation sufficient, to be employed as I am, in pinning up your sister's tail."

INSTANCE OF LONGEVITY;

The honourable Mrs. Watkins, of Glamorganshire, was a most remarkable instance of it; much more so, than either old Macklin, or Lord Mansfield.

She was in her hundred and ninth year, when she undertook a journey from Glamorgan to London. The cause of it was almost as singular as the thing itself—it was to see Mrs. Siddons, and she saw her act nine times.

This distinguished old lady was happy in equal activity of mind and body—One morning, after sitting for her portrait, and dispatching some business in the city, she mounted (though with some difficulty) to the whispering-gallery at St. Paul's. A few days after, she left London, and, with her three grand-children, returned, with no particular precautions, to Glamorganshire.

Charles the Second, who cultivated health with incessant care, never met with any instances of protracted life and vigour, but he was inquisitive, what might be the probable eficient cause; *diet*, and each petty habit, became a question with him.

In these circumstances of Mrs. Watkins, all we discover remarkable, are regularity and moderation.

"Nature is frugal, and her wants are few."

For the last thirty years, *potatoes* had the credit of sustaining her.

Anecdote of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

His Royal Highness being supplied with money by a certain person, he was exceedingly urgent to have eight hundred pounds, to an hour, on such a day, and in so unusual a manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was attained Upon inquiry, he was informed, that "at the moment the money arrived, the Prince drew on a pair of boots; slipped on a plain morning-frock, without a star, and turning his hair to the crown of his head with a comb, put on a slouched hat, and thus equipped, he walked out.

This intelligence excited still greater curiosity; he was marked, and, with some trouble, the gentleman discovered the object of the business.

An officer of the army was just arrived from America, with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances, that to

satisfy some clamorous creditors, he was on the point of selling his commission, to the utter ruin of his family.

The Prince, by accident, overheard an account of the case—to prevent a worthy soldier suffering, he procured the money; and, that no mistake might arise, carried it himself. On asking at an obscure house, in a court near Covent-Garden, for the lodger, he was shewn up to his room, and there found the whole family in the utmost indigence. Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to "apply to Colonel Lake, living in ——street, and give some account of himself in future:" Saying which, he departed, without the family knowing to whom they were obliged.

Anecdote of a Royal Visit to Bristol, in the Reign of Queen Anne.

Prince George, of Denmark, consort to Queen Anne, in passing through that city,

appeared on the Exchange, attended only by one gentleman, a military officer; and remained there until the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn, not one of them, having sufficient resolution to speak to him, as, perhaps, they might not be prepared to ask such a guest to their houses—But this was not the case with *all* who saw him, for a person whose name was *John Duddleston*, a bodice-maker, went up, and asked him, "if he was not husband of the Queen," who informed him, he was.

Duddleston told him, "he had observed with a good deal of concern, that none of the merchants had invited him home to dinner; saying, "he did not apprehend it was want of love to the Queen, or to him; but because they did not consider themselves prepared to entertain so great a man; but he was ashamed to think of his dining at an inn, and requested him to go and dine with him," and to bring the gentleman along with him, informing him, that "he had a piece of good beef, and a

plumb-pudding, and ale of his dame's own brewing."

The Prince admired the loyalty of the man; and though he had bespoke a dinner at the White Lion, went with him—and when they got to the house, Duddleston called his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to "put on a clean apron, and come down, for the *Queen's husband*, and another gentleman, were come to dine with them." She accordingly came down, with a clean blue apron, and was immediately saluted by the Prince.

In the course of the dinner, the prince asked him if "he ever went to London."

He answered, that "since the ladies had worn *stays* instead of bodices," he sometimes went to buy whale-bone." Whereupon, the prince desired him to "take his wife with him when he went again," at the same time giving him a card to facilitate his introduction to him at court.

In the course of a little time he took his wife behind him to London, and with the assistance of the card, found easy admittance

to the prince, and by him they were introduced to the Queen, who invited them to an approaching public dinner, informing them that "they must have new clothes for the occasion, allowing them to choose for themselves;" so they each chose purple velvet, such as the prince had on, which was accordingly provided for them; and in that dress they were introduced by the Queen herself as the *most loyal person* in the city of Bristol, and the only ones in that city who had invited the prince her husband to their house; and after the entertainment, the Queen desiring him to "kneel down laid a sword on his head," and, to use Lady Duddleston's *own words*, said

"Ston up Sir Jan." He was offered money, or a place under Government; but did not chuse to accept of either, informing the Queen, that he had sufficient out at use, and he was afraid the number of people about her must be very expensive.

The Queen then made Lady Duddleston a a present of her gold watch from her side,

which my Lady considered as no small ornament, when she went to market, suspended over her blue apron.

Anecdote of Foote.

Foote had the most contemptible opinion of Garrick's literary abilities. He once received an annonymous letter, which pointed out to him a French play as an excellent subject for his theatre: this circumstance he mentioned to a nobleman, who happened that evening to be behind the scenes, adding that he should be particularly happy to know the author, as it was incomparably well written; for, among other traits, there were several quotations that spoke a perfect and elegant knowledge of classical reading.

Said his Lordship, I think I can guess at him—can you, my Lord, said Foote, I wish I could—what do you think of Garrick, said the nobleman? O no, my Lord, answered the wit—I am sure it is not Garrick—why, returned his Lordship? I shall answer you says Foote, like Scrub:

First, I am sure it is not Garrick, because there's Greek in it.

Secondly, I am sure it is not Garrick, because there's Latin in it. And

Thirdly, I am sure it is not Garrick, because there's *English* in it.

Anecdote of Dr. Burnet.

Doctor Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, was remarkable for that absence of thought which constitutes the character of what the French call l'étourdie; all the world knows, that in Paris, in the year 1680, several ladies of quality were imprisoned on suspicion of poisoning; and, among the rest, the Countess of Soissons, a niece of Cardinal Mazarine, and mother of the famous warrior Prince Eugene of Savoy. In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, when the Prince came over to England, Bishop Burnet, whose curiosity was as eager as that of any woman's in the kindom, begged of the Duke of Marlborough that he might have the satisfaction of being in company with a person whose fame resounded

through Europe. The duke complied with his request, on condition that he would be upon his guard against saying any that might give disgust; and he was invited to dine with the Prince and other company, at Marlborough House.

The bishop mindful of the caution he had received, resolved to be silent and incognito during the whole entertainment, and might have kept his resolution, had not Prince Eugene, seeing him a dignified clergyman, taken it into his head to ask who he was; he no sooner understood that it was Doctor Burnet, of whom he had often heard, than he addressed himself to the bishop, and among other questions asked him, *when he was last at Paris?*—Burnet, flattered at this unexpected address, and still more perplexed by an eager desire to give the satisfaction required—answered with precipitation, that "he could not recollect the year, but that it was at the time that the Countess of Soissons was imprisoned;" he had scarcely pronounced the words, when his eyes meeting those of the

duke, he instantly recognised his blunder, and was deprived of all the discretion he had left; he redoubled his error by asking pardon of his Highness. [He stared wildly around, and seeing the whole company embarrassed, and out of countenance, retired in the utmost confusion.

ON BENEVOLENCE.

True benevolence extends itself through the whole compass of existence, and sympathises with the distresses of every creature capable of sensation.

Little minds may be apt to consider compassion of this inferior kind, as an instance of weakness; but it is undoubtedly the evidence of a noble nature.

Homer thought it not unbecoming the character of a hero to melt into tears at a distress of this sort, and has given us a most amiable and affecting picture of Ulysses weeping over his faithful dog *Argus*, when he expires at his feet.

"Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul,
Adown his cheeks the tears unbidden stole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dried
The drops humane."

POPE'S ODYSS.

Curious original Anecdote of Sir Thomas More.

The day after he had resigned the seal, (a circumstance, with which his own family were unacquainted) he went as usual, it being a holiday, to Chelsea church with his wife and daughters; and after mass was over, it being customary for one of his gentlemen to go to his lady to tell her, "that the chancellor was gone out of the church;" he went himself to the pew-door, and making her a low bow, said, "madam, *my lord* is gone" —she, thinking it to be no more than his usual pleasantry, took no notice of it, but as they were walking home, he assured her very seriously, that what he had said was

true, and that he had resigned his office of chancellor the day before.

According to his son-in-law Roper, Sir Thomas had not, on his resignation of the chancellorship, (after his debts were paid) the value of one hundred pounds, in gold and silver, his gold chain excepted.

When lady More, who was by no means remarkable for pliability of temper, or submission to her husband, and whose notions of riches and honours were very different from his, found that Sir Thomas was in earnest, she was exceedingly chagrined, and replied to him in a manner that was usual to her.—"Tilly bally—what will you do Mr. More? Will you sit and make goslings in the ashes? Would to God I were a man, and you should quickly see what *I* would do."

"What *would* YOU do," said Sir Thomas. "Why go forward with the best; for, as my mother was wont to say, it is ever better to rule than be ruled, and therefore I would not be so foolish to be ruled when I might rule."

"By my faith wife," said Sir Thomas,

"I dare say you speak truth, for I never found you to be ruled yet."

Anecdote of King Henry VIII. and Hans Holben.

An incident is related concerning Holben, which shews that Henry had formed an high idea of his merit. A nobleman of the first quality came one day to see Holben, when he was drawing a figure from life. Holben begged his lordship to defer the honor of his visit to another day, which the nobleman taking for an affront, broke open the door, and very rudely went up stairs. Holben hearing a noise, came out of his chamber, and meeting the nobleman at his door, fell into a violent passion, and pushed his lordship down stairs——but immediately considering what he had done, he escaped from the tumult he had raised, and made the best of his way to the king. The nobleman, who was much hurt, though not so much as he pretended, was there soon after him, and upon opening his grievance, the king ordered

Holben to ask pardon for his offence; but this only irritated the nobleman the more, who would not be satisfied with less than his life: upon which the king sternly replied, "My lord, you have not now to do with Holben, but with me; whatever punishment you may contrive, by way of revenge, against him, shall assuredly be inflicted on yourself. Remember, pray my lord, that I can, whenever I please, make seven lords of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holben of even seven lords."

Hans Holben was a native of Basse, in Switzerland, where he was born, in the year 1498; he drew a great number of admirable portraits, in England in particular, when he lived with Sir Thomas More, which he did two or three years.

One day, Holben happening to speak of an English nobleman, whom he had some years before seen abroad, and who had then invited him to England, Sir Thomas was very desirous to know who he was; Holben replied, that he had indeed forgot his title, but that he

remembered his face so well, that he could draw his likeness—which he did so strongly, that it is said, the nobleman was immediately known by it.

Holben died of the plague, in 1554, at his lodgings at Whitehall, where he had lived from the time king Henry became his patron.

Anecdote of Lord Chesterfield.

In the flower of his life, his lordship hired a *beau*-footman to attend him, having made a hasty excursion to Bath, and intentionally shook off the man of fashion, even down to his servants:—The fellow was adroit, and exceedingly happy to serve the Earl of Chesterfield; but unluckily, as his master had set his heart on a ramble round the country, there was a little cloak-bag, containing a couple of shirts and stockings, which it was necessary should be buckled before him; a circumstance, which this fine gentleman no sooner discovered, than shrinking back, declared, he "did not hire himself to carry a cloak-bag"—"Oh,

very well, sir," said my lord, "then there is no other alternative; so landlord, do me the favour to fix it on my horse;" the fellow was petrified, and the spectators burst into convulsions of laughter—"Nay, on my honour," cried his lordship, "I am serious; and do you refuse to follow me, at your peril."

Lord Chesterfield's person was so well known, that men, women, and children, ran out to behold the phœnomenon of my lord, carrying his cloak-bag, and his gentleman servant following wholly unincumbered.

Having continued this farce, until he conceived he had sufficiently mortified the fellow's pride, he put two guineas in his hand, and bid him quit his service, for, be assured," said he, "that the man, who can refuses to perform any work of necessity becoming his station, shall never be harboured in my family."

The story was circulated, and the fellow, after having suffered great hard-

ships, in consequence of being out of place, was, at length humanely, though secretly, recommended by the earl, to an Irish gentleman, who was preparing to make the grand tour; and then the affair of the cloak-bag ceased, to be a grievance to him.

A genuine Letter from the Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth, on his being sent to Ireland.

To the Queen,

From a mind delighting in sorrow; from spirits, wasted with passion; from a heart, torn in pieces with care, grief, and travail; from a man that hateth himself, and all things else that keepeth him alive, what service can your Majesty expect?—Since any service *past*, deserves no more than banishment and proscription into the cursedest of all islands.

It is your rebels pride and succession, that must give me leave to ransom myself out of this hateful prison; this loathed body, which, if it happen so, your Majesty shall have no cause to dislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you.

Happy he could finish forth his fate,
In some unhaunted desert, most obscure
From all society, from love, and hate
Of worldly folk, then should he sleep secure.

Then wake again, and yield God ever praise,
Content with hips and haws and brambleberry;
In contemplation passing out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry.

Who, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.

Your Majesty's exiled Servant,

ESSEX.

Interesting Description of Snowden, in North Wales.

"I passed my evening at a very good inn at Caernarvon, and having procured an intelligent guide, returned early next morning through Bettus, to the foot of Snowden.

"Having left my horse at a small hut, and hired a mountaineer to carry some cordials and provisions, with a spiked stick, but imprudently without nails in my shoes, about ten o'clock I began to ascend the mountain.

"The two first miles were rather boggy and disagreeable; but when the prospect

opened, I forgot all difficulties. In the course of the two last, I passed by six precipices, which I believe were very formidable; but as I was near the brink, and the wind very high, I did not venture to examine too narrowly.

"On the summit, which is about six yards in circumference, the air was perfectly mild and serene; and I could with pleasure contemplate the amazing mass that was unfolded to my view.

"From hence may easily be seen, Wicklow Hills in Ireland, the Isle of Man, Cumberland, Lancashire, Cheshire, Shropshire, and part of Scotland; all the counties of North Wales; the Isle of Anglesea; rivers, plains, woods, rocks, and mountains, twenty six leaks, and two seas.

"It is doubted, whether there is another circular prospect so extensive in any part of the terraqueous globe.

"Who could take such a survey, without feeling his spirits elevated, in some proportion to the height? Who could behold

so bountiful a display of nature, without wonder and extacy? Who but must feel even a degree of pride, from having gained an eminence, from which he could with ease overlook the nest of the eagle, and the nest of the hawk?

"But as the level walks of life are best suited to the generality of mankind, it became necessary to consider, that this was no spot where I could properly make any lasting abode, and the return would be attended with at least as much difficulty as the ascent.

"Having descended a mile or two, I did not think it amiss to inquire about an exhausted mine that I saw at a distance; and I could make this inquiry with the better grace, as the guides hitherto wondered at my prowess. The mine, I was informed, was only *copper;* and happy was it for the Welch that their mines did not consist of choicer metals: had they been cursed with either gold or silver, foreign nations, long since, and under pretence of

teaching them an immaculate religion*, laid waste their country, and murdered its inhabitants.

To the Memory of Elizabeth the Duchess of Northumberland, who died on the Anniversary of her Birth-Day, in the 60th Year of her Age:

Oft has the crowd on this distinguish'd day,
Turn'd from thy gates with chearful hearts away;
And as they felt thy ever fost'ring care,
Pour'd out their gratitude in song or pray'r.
But, oh! lamented change, the lay must flow
From grateful rapture, now to grateful woe.
She, to this day, who joyous lustre gave,
Descends for ever to the silent grave.

* The Spaniards made the Gospel an excuse for all the barbarities they committed in the Conquest of Peru, and when they plundered the rich mines of Potosi: they frequently (says La Casas) hang twelve poor wretches at a time, in honor of the *twelve Apostles*.

She, born at once to charm us, and to mend;
Of human race, at once the patron and the friend!
Was there a wife affectionate and kind;
Was there a mother with a mother's mind;
Was there a mistress who was proud to see,
Content sit smiling on her family;
Was there a woman good in every line—
These epithets, oh! Percy, all were thine.
Still tho' these virtues infl'ence us no more,
Nor can they charm us as they did before.
Yet shall the muse a heavenly truth essay,
Beyond this weakness mix'd with mortal clay;
Beyond the loss which tho' she bleeds to see,
A loss unmatch'd, the general loss of thee.
Beyond e'en this she hails with joyous lay,
Thy better birth, thy first true natal day:
A day that sees thee born beyond the tomb,
To endless health, to youth's eternal bloom.
If in this state, then, from yon sky serene,
Thou shed'st one ray on this our gloomy scene,

Oh! teach our young nobility to find,
The milder virtues of thy matchless mind;
Teach them, like thee, true wisdom's art, to save,
Who never squandered, yet who ever gave;
Who liv'd in splendor, yet did bounties show'r,
Which knew no limits, but a bounded pow'r;
Bid them like thee, tho' they might freely trace,
A long descent enobled or in place;
Draw from themselves their dignity and pow'r,
'Tis this shall chear them in the gloomiest hour:
'Tis this shall living all their worth proclaim,
And when like you, immortaliz'd, their fame.

ANECDOTE.

A Swiss officer in the French service,

whose corps had been defeated in a skirmish where the Marquis of Granby commanded, on his return to the camp, was surprised by a party of Cossacks in our pay, who took him prisoner, and likewise took from him his watch, and a purse of twenty-seven guineas; being entirely destitute of money, he found himself (though provided for with common necesaries as a prisoner) in want of many little conveniencies; in this dilemma, hearing of the virtues of the marquis, he explained his situation to him by letter. The marquis immediately waited on him, and addressed him in the following manner:

"SIR,

"I am sorry it is not consistent with our military policy, to have your watch and money returned, it is what should be done, was it an act committed by any of the *regulars* under my command; but as there are a body of men, who enter into the service, merely for the sake of plunder,

you will readily see it would not be so prudent to require a restitution; however, sir, I am happy that I have it in my power to be at any time of service to a brave man, here is (putting a purse of thirty guineas into his hand) what I am in hopes will defray your extraordinary expences until you are released, and here is (presenting him with a gold repeating watch) what I flatter myself will put you in mind of the commander of the British forces."

The Swiss, after recovering from the surprise, occasioned by such eccentric generosity, returned him many thanks, and said he would part with his life sooner than his present.

A short time after he was released, and making the affair known to his regiment, they immediately returned the money to the marquis, accompanied with a very valuable sword, and a letter of thanks, signed by every officer of the corps.

The Character of the late Sir George Saville, as drawn by Mr. Burke, in a Speech, which he made at an Election, at Bristol, in favour of the Roman Catholics.

" The mover of this bill, was Sir Geo. Saville. When an act of great and signal humanity was to be done, and done with all the weight and authority which belonged to it, the world could cast its eyes upon none but him.

" I hope that few things which have a tendency to bless or to adorn life, have wholly escaped my observation in my passage through it. I have sought the acquaintance of that gentleman, and have seen him in all situations; he is a true genius, with an understanding vigorous, acute, and refined, distinguishing even to excess, and illuminated with the most unbounded, peculiar, and original cast of imagination. With these, he possesses many external and in-

strumental advantages, and he makes use of them all; his fortune is among the largest; a fortune, which wholly unincumbered as it is, with not one single charge from luxury, vanity, or excess, sinks under the benevolence, of its dispenser; this private benevolence expanding itself into patriotism, renders his whole being the estate of the public, in which he has not reserved a *peculium* for himself, of profit, division, or relaxation. During the session, the *first* in, and the *last* out of the House of Commons; he passes from the senate to the camp, and seldom seeing the seat of his ancestors, he is always in parliament to serve his country, or in the field to defend it.

" But in all well wrought compositions, some particulars stand out more eminently than the rest; and the things which will carry his name to posterity, are his two Bills, I mean, that for a Limitation of the Claims of the Crown, upon Landed Estates, and this for the relief of the Roman Catholics.

"By the former, he has emancipated property; by the latter, he has quieted conscience; and, *by both*, he has taught that grand lesson to government and subject, no longer to regard each other as adverse parties."

Anecdote of Colonel Edmonds,

Who served in the Dutch wars at Utrecht, was one day standing among his brother officers, when one of his countrymen, who had just arrived from Scotland, and who wanted to insinuate himself into the colonel's favor, came up to him, saluted him, and delivered pretended messages, from *my lord* his father, from the *earl* his cousin, and various other of his relations, who he said were well.

"Gentlemen, said the colonel, turning to his friends, do not believe that fellow; my father is a poor baker, in Edinburgh, and works hard for his livelihood.

I am neither related to lord or knight;

he has made an imprudent attack upon my vanity, and has wanted to engage me tacitly to become an accomplice in his falsehood; for which contemptible trick, every gentleman who has heard him, must, I am sure, despise him.

The Vanity and Ambition of the Human Mind exemplified, in the Life of some Insects; the extent of whose Age is only a single Day.

Cicero, in his first book of his Tusculan questions, shews ingeniously the falsity of the judgments we form, concerning the duration of *human life*, compared with *eternity*. To give the more force to his reasoning, he quotes a passage from the Natural History of Aristotle, concerning a kind of insects that are common upon the banks of the Hypanias, a river of Scythia; who never live beyond the day on which they are born. "He that dies at eight in the

morning, dies in his youth—he that dies at five in the evening, dies in decrepid old age. Who amongst us does not laugh to see the happiness or misery of this moment of existence brought into consideration? The shortest and longest life among us, if we compare it with eternity, or only with the duration of mountains, stars, trees, or even of some animals, is not less ridiculous."—*Montagne's Essays.*

To pursue the idea of this elegant writer, let us suppose that one of the most robust of these Hypanias, was, according to his own notions, as antient as time itself, that he had begun to exist at *break of day*, and by the extraordinary force of his constitution, had been able to support the fatigues of an active life, through the infinite number of seconds in ten or twelve hours, during such a long course of instants; by experience and reflection on all he had seen, he must have acquired very sublime wisdom. He looks upon his fellow creatures who died about noon, as happily delivered from

the great number of inconveniences to which old age is subject. He has astonishing traditions to relate to his grand children, concerning facts which were prior to all the memorials of their nation. The young swarm, composed of beings who may have already lived a full hour, approach, with respect, this venerable sire, and hear his instructive discourses with admiration; every thing that he relates to them will appear a prodigy to that generation, whose life is so short. The space of a day will seem the entire duration of time, and day break, in their chronology, will be called the great æra of the creation.

Let us now suppose this venerable insect, this *Nester* of the Hypanias, a little before his death, and about the hour of sunset, to assemble all his descendants, friends, and acquaintances, to impart to them at dying, his last thoughts, and give them his last advice: they repair from all parts, under the vast shelter of a mushroom; and the

departing sage addresses himself to them in the following manner:

Friends and Countrymen,

I perceive the longest life must have an end; the extent of mine is arrived, and I do not regret my fate, since my age was become a burthen to me, and to me there was no longer any thing new under the sun: the revolutions and calamities that have desolated my country, the great number of particular accidents to which we are all subject, the infirmities that afflict our race, the misfortunes that have happened to me in my own family, all that I have seen in the course of a long life, has but too well taught me this important truth; that no happiness placed in things which depend on us, can be secure or durable; the uncertainty of life is great; one whole generation perished in a sharp wind, a multitude of our heedless youth were swept off into the waters by an unexpected fresh gale; what a terrible deluge have I seen happen by a sudden shower.

Our most solid coverings are not proof against a storm of hail; a dark cloud makes the most courageous heart to tremble. I lived in the first ages, and conversed with insects of a taller stature, a stronger constitution, and I may add of more profound wisdom, than any of those in the present generation; I beseech you to give credit to my last words, when I assure you that the same sun, which now appears beyond the waters, and seems to be not far distant from the earth, I have formerly seen in the middle of heaven, darting down his rays directly upon us. The earth was much more enlightened in those past ages; the air, much warmer, and your ancestors were more sober and more virtuous—though my senses are impaired, my memory is not; and I can assure you that glorious Being has motion. I saw his first rising on the summit of that mountain, and I begun my life about the same time that he begun his immense career—for a great many ages he advanced along the heavens with a prodigi-

ous heat, and a brightness of which you can have no idea—a brightness that would certainly have been to you insupportable; but now by his decline, and a sensible diminution of his vigour, I foresee that all nature will soon be at an end, and that the world will be buried in darkness in less than one hundred minutes.

Alas! my friends, how did I formerly flatter myself with the deceitful hope of living for ever upon this earth; how magnificent were the cells which I had dug for my habitation; what confidence, did I not put in the firmness of my members, the spring of my joints, and the strength of my wings: but I have lived long enough for nature and for glory—none of those whom I leave behind me, will have the same satisfaction in this age of darkness and decay, which I see has already begun.

FRAGMENT.

A continued and uninterrupted state of either health, or prosperous circumstances,

have but too great a tendency to elate the mind, encourage a life of dissipation, and to engage us in such pursuits as beget forgetfulness of the Divine Being, the source of all our blessings: It gives birth to pride and ostentation; and causes us frequently to divest ourselves of the proper sense of our subordinate and dependent state.

The Romans, sensible of this, always placed a man behind the conqueror, when they decreed a triumph, who cried out every now and then, "*Remember, thou art but a man;*" a very proper lesson, and well timed.

Sickness and adversity, have commonly the very opposite effect; they humble the mind, cultivate reflections on the vanity and uncertainty of our present mode of existence, eradicate the seeds of a proud and haughty disposition, and substitute in its place, a compassionate feeling one. Thus Virgil, that great poet, and master of

human nature, represents Dido, making use of this expersion:

"Haud ignara mali; miseris succurrere disco,"

a sentiment generous indeed, and little inferior to that celebrated one in Terence,

"Homo sum, et nihil humani a me alienum puto."

The rich, and the fortunate, are liable to a thousand temptations, from which others, in a more confined situation, are exempt. They are frequently surrounded by sycophants, by whom they are induced to think more highly of themselves than *they ought to think*, and who (in order to promote their own interest) endeavour to persuade them, *that they can do no wrong*—hence we see the wisdom of Pope's observation,

"That Satan now, is wiser than of yore,
"And tempts by making rich, not making poor."

Honourable Anecdote.

The following instance of honour and generosity has not been often paralleled:

Mr. Peter La Touche, of Dublin, during the life of Mrs. La Touche, enjoyed an estate in her right, of about eight hundred pounds per annum, upon whose death he could not find an heir; but, after many researches, he found her nearest kingsman in the person of Mr. Vickers, captain of a vessel in the African trade; which avocation he had followed upwards of eighteen years, and had a large family at Bristol, whom he immediately surprised into affluence. Mr. La Touche not only surrendered to him the estate, but offered to lend him twenty thousand pounds to bring to perfection a most valuable coal mine which was upon it: thus was this noble conduct an object of the first national magnitude, in procuring to that kingdom the necessary article of life, *fuel*.

Anecdote of Sir Walter Raliegh.

When Sir Walter Raleigh first came to London, he was poor and unknown, yet well-dressed—for his hopes and views were comprehensive: Happening one day to see Queen Elizabeth walking till she came to a dirty place, at which she seemed to scruple stepping over, he immediately pulled off his new velvet cloak, and spread it for her to tread on. The gallantry of the action, and the obliging, unembarrased air with which it was performed, were a certain introduction to the court of Elizabeth.

When he first began to be noticed, he wrote on a glass window, in the eye of the Queen:

"Fain would I climb—but that I fear to fall."

Elizabeth observing it, wrote underneath:

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

Sir Walter was not really afraid; this was

only an artifice. Every one knows how great a man he afterwards became.

Lines on seeing a Dog asleep near his Master.

Thrice happy dog thou feel'st no woe,
No anguish to molest
Thy peaceful hours, that sweetly flow,
Alternate sport and rest.

Man's call'd thy Lord, afflictions heir,
And Sorrow's only son;
Whilst *he's* a slave to every care—
And *thou* art slave to none.

Blest near thy master there to lie,
And blest with him to rove;
Unstain'd by guilt, thy moments fly,
On wings of grateful Love.

Oh that my heart like thine could taste
The sweets of guiltless life,
Beyond the reach of passion placed,
Its anguish and its strife.

Mens' Desires are raised by Prohibition, as appears by the following Anecdote.

A rich Neapolitan merchant, named Jacob Morell, prided himself in not having set his foot out of the city; where he lived upwards of forty-eight years: this coming to the ears of the Duke D'Assuna, Morell had notice sent him that he was to take no journey out of the kingdom under the penalty of ten thousand crowns. The merchant smiled at receiving the order; but afterwards, not being able to fathom the reason of such a prohibition, grew so uneasy that he paid the fine, and took a trip to Florence.

BON MOT.

A young man of fashion, who had, in the true modern style, tinged himself with most of the vices and follies of the places he has passed through, had, together with many other accomplishments, gained a little knowledge in the *creative* art, and for some time used it, graced by an endless volubility of

tongue, to the downright disgust of many gentlemen who frequented the same coffee-house. One day in particular, he was detailing out accounts of the number of presents he had received, whilst abroad, especially a rich bridle from the King of France, the ornaments, &c. which were of *gold*. It is so exquisitely fine, said his lordship, that it can never be used in the mouth of a filthy horse. What shall I do with it, Colonel? said he to an old veteran in the army.

"*Put it on your tongue, my Lord,*" returned the soldier. His lordship was silenced, and peace has since been restored to the coffee-room.

Anecdote of Sir George Saville.

A young lady in Yorkshire, whose father left her and her mother about fifteen hundred pounds, happened to get acquainted with a young gentleman, who, after a few visits, made a declaration of love to her; as he was an officer of some rank in the army, made a good appearance, and was agreeable to the

young lady, her mother made no scruple of giving her consent to the match, and to make her daughter the better fortune, very imprudently gave up (though it was her all), her share of the money left them. A few weeks after marriage the officer took a silent leave, carried off the whole fortune, and, notwithstanding diligent search was made after him, could not be found. Under this dilemma, having scarcely a shilling for their maintenance, they applied to some gentlemen of their former acquaintance who undertook to propose a subscription on the next county meeting.

It was accordingly some time after mentioned there, when every gentleman present (Sir George Saville excepted) amply subscribed. A few days after Sir George waited on the lady and her mother, and addressed them in the following manner: "You may probably have heard, ladies, that I was the only one of a large company who refused concerning myself in your distresses. I did so; but I hope you will do me the justice

to believe it did not proceed from a want of feeling.—

My refusal only arose from the principle of being better informed on the subject.

I am now perfectly satisfied; and I could wish Madam, (addressing himself to the young lady) that the claims you justly have on my humanity, could likewise restore you that peace of mind you have been so cruelly deprived of; however, you may depend on my friendship, and as an earnest of it, you will please to accept of this trifle (putting a bank note of five hundred pounds into her hand).

ANECDOTE.

On the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, the *Loyalist*, of twenty-two guns, then in the Chesapeak, became a party in this disastrous event. Her crew were immediately conveyed to the Count De Grass's fleet. Of that fleet, the *Ardent* captured off Plymouth, made one, but was then in a very leaky condition. The count being informed that the

carpenter of the Loyalist was a man of talents, and perfectly acquainted with the management of the chain-pump, of which the French were ignorant, ordered him on board the Ville de Paris, and addressed him thus: "Sir, you are to go on board the Ardent directly, use your utmost skill and save her from sinking, for which service you shall have a premium, and the encouragment due to a carpenter of an equal rate in the British navy. To this I pledge my honour. On refusal you will, during your captivity, be fed on bread and water only." The tar, surprised on being thus addressed in his own language, boldly answered, "Noble Count, I am your prisoner; it is in your power to compel me; but let it never be said that a British sailor forgot his duty to his king and country, and entered voluntarily into the service of the enemy; your promises are no inducement to me, and your threats shall not induce me to injure my country."

We are sorry to add that he was treated with extreme severity by the French, in con-

sequence of this behaviour. On his exchange, Admiral Rodney appointed him carpenter of the *Sebile*, which appointment however, the then Board of Admiralty did not think proper to confirm.

Anecdote of Doctor Hough, Bishop of Worcester.

A young divine of great merit and profound learning, but without preferment, preached one day in the Cathedral of Worcester, in presence of the bishop, Doctor Hough, and made an excellent discourse, in which he discovered extraordinary talents.

The prelate curious to know something further of the preacher, sent the church-beadle with orders to inquire his name; if he had a benefice, and where he lived. "Present my respects to the bishop," answered the clergyman, "and tell him my name is Lewis, and that I have no benefice, and that I stay in the province of Worcester, where I dont live, but, as it were, die for want."

The bishop, was not satisfied with merely pitying him; but immediately placed this young man in an advantageous situation, and in the high road to preferment.

Anecdote of the late Sir George Saville.

One of the supporters of the Bill of Rights, being desirous of introducing Sir George Saville's name amongst the members of the society, applied to that worthy baronet for his permission to propose him; Sir George declined the honor intended him, and pleaded that his engagements were so numerous, that he had not time to attend. "We do not expect your constant attendance; but the sanction of your name would be a tower of strength to the society, and as you see by the public prints the manner in which we conduct ourselves, and the business we do, I think you *must approve*, and cannot refuse."

I cannot, said Sir George, disapprove your conduct, for I think it very *regular and systematic*; but I disapprove of *the title* you have adopted. I observe you meet, and read a string of observations, and then adjourn to dinner in the next room—that done, you drink your two bottles each, and in the next papers appear advertisements, That on the Monday following, the supporters of the Bill of Rights will meet again—Dinner on the table at four o'clock: You dine, &c. and your secretary gives us the same information in the next day's papers; and we learn that dinner will be again on the table at four o'clock. This induces me to think you should *alter your title*, and instead of the supporters of the Bill of Rights, call yourselves what you are, *Supporters of the Bill of Fare.*

Curious Occurrence.

It was customary with the late King of

Prussia, whenever a new soldier appeared in his guards, to ask him three questions.

"How old are you? how long have you been in my service? are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?"

It happened that a young soldier born in France, who had served in his own country, desired to enlist in the Prussian service: his figure caused him to be immediately accepted; but he was totally ignorant of the German language, and his captain giving him notice that the King would question him in that tongue, the first time he should see him, advised him at the same time, to learn the three proper answers to the questions which the King would ask him. Accordingly he perfected himself in them by the next day; and as soon as he appeared in the ranks, Frederick came up to interrogate him; but he happened to begin upon him with the *second* question—"How long have you been in my service? "Twenty one years," answered the soldier.

The King struck with his youth, which

plainly indicated that he had not borne a musquet so long as that, said to him, (much astonished) "How old are you? "One year an't please your Majesty." Frederick, more astonished still, cried, you or I must certainly be bereft of our senses. The soldier, who took this for the third question, replied firmly, *both*, an't please your Majesty. This is the first time I was ever treated as a madman at the head of my army, said Frederick. The soldier, who had exhausted his *stock of German*, kept silent: and when the king questioned him again (to penetrate into this mystery) the soldier told him in French, that he did not understand a word of German, at which the King laughed heartily, and advised him to learn that language, and exhorted him to perform well his duty.

Instance of presence of Mind.

A Prussian clergyman, applied to the late king of Prussia, for permission to

preach in his chapel, and to honour him with his presence. His Majesty thought it rather presumptuous for a country clergyman to ask such a favour; but nevertheless, granted his request, and told him he would give him a text to preach on; that he should preach the Sunday following, when he would be there to hear him. The clergyman waited with anxiety from day to day, as he wished to have it in time, that he might make a fine discourse on it: but, Sunday morning came, and no text.

He, however, went into the pulpit, with an intent to preach one of his old sermons, thinking the king had forgot to send him a text. His majesty came to the chapel soon after, and immediately sent him a letter which he opened and read; the contents were, "The enclosed is your text," you will preach immediately. He opened the small piece of paper that was enclosed, when to his great astonishment, he found it quite blank, he looked at the other side of it, it was blank there too, he held it out for the

congregation to look at, and said, "Here is nothing, and then turning it; and "There is nothing, and *of nothing*, *God created Heaven and Earth*," than quoting a verse in the first chapter of Genesis, he preached a sermon on it extempore.

The King was so delighted at the great presence of mind the clergyman had shewn, that he made him his almoner.

Anecdote of the Duke of Newcastle.

It is related of the late Duke of Newcastle, that he was so accustomed to promise, that no applicant *whatever*, left his presence, without an assurance of having what he solicited for, at the same time his grace, scarcely knew what he had been asked for.

A neighbour of his, a major in the army, waited upon him, on his return from abroad, (where he had the misfortune in an action to lose his leg). My dear major, (say his grace running up to him, and embracing

him) I am heartily glad to see you, I hope all things go well with you." "I can't say they do my Lord Duke," returned he—I have had the misfortune to lose my—" say no more my dear major, returned he quickly, and stopping his mouth with his hand, (conceiving it to be some appointment which he had lost) say no more, I entreat you, I'll give you a better—better my lord, returns the major, *that* cannot be, " How so, my dear friend? how so? replies the duke—because, rejoins the major, *I have lost my leg*.

Anecdote of Marechal de Catinat.

After the battle of Marsialia, while, on all sides the acclamations of victory were heard, and the general was surrounded by all those who came to pay him their court; a vetran soldier of his regiment, piercing the *congratulating* croud, threw himself at the general's feet, and in the name of the

whole corps, begged for mercy in favour of one of the bravest of their comrades, who was just seized as a deserter; but, who *on the preceding evening* had taken in battle a *standard*, and made several prisoners.

"Compose yourself my friend, replied the general, as he assisted the veteran to arise let the deserter come forward." He then made his appearance, and as he entered, cried, "Oh! my father, and threw himself on the ground. I am a gentleman, the son of an officer, who was killed at the battle of Lins. My mother, left without provision, and without protection, was obliged to labour for my subsistence and her own; but age and infirmity soon rendered her unable to work, and reduced us to wretchedness in the extreme. To support my mother, I enlisted. Soon after I had joined the regiment, I learned that she lay dangerously ill. I begged permission to go and give her my assistance, that permission *was refused* me. Unable to resist the impulse

of nature, *I left my colours* to fly to her aid; and soon as she began to recover, I *rejoined* the army.

Particulars relating to Kirkstall-Abbey, in Yorkshire.

To those who are acquainted with that beautiful ruin, and its still more beautiful situation, this account, extracted from a Latin MS. in the possession of a gentleman who resides near Leeds, will be interesting.

"It happened, not long after, as the abbot was upon a journey respecting some business, incident to his function, that he had occasion to pass through a certain valley, which, at that time, was covered with wood, having never yet been reduced to a state of cultivation. The name of this valley was Ayrdale; that is to say, the valley of the river called Ayr: towards the bottom of this valley he espied a company of brethren, in religious habits, who,

as he was afterwards informed, led an hermitic sort of life. Extremely delighted with the pleasantness of the place, the abbot was induced to turn out of the way, and went up to the hermits, with a view to enter into conversation with them: Among other things, he interrogated them respecting their manner of life, and the order of their religion; as also, how they came to be accommodated with such a retirement; and what part of the country they came from? To these inquiries, one of the hermits, named *Seleth*, who was their leader, made the following reply:— "I was born," said he, "in the southern part of this kingdom, and was moved to come hither, in consequence of a revelation from Heaven: for when I was in my native country, I was accosted by a voice in my sleep, which said unto me, "Arise, *Seleth*, and go into the province of York, there inquire diligently for a certain place of the name of Kirkstall, situated in a valley, called Ayrdale, and when thou hast

found it, seek out there a place, proper for a future habitation, for an order of brethren, devoted to the service of my son:"—"Do then," said I to the voice, "be pleased to tell me, who this thy son is, to whom worship is due?" "I," rejoined the voice, "am Mary, and my son is called Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world." After I had awoke, and had meditated a little on what had passed, I resolved, without hesitation, to obey the heavenly call, thinking it my duty to repose unreserved confidence in the Lord. Accordingly I took leave of my house and family, and without delay set out upon my journey, under the protection and guidance of *her* who called me to the pious office; and after encountering many difficulties, I arrived in this valley, where I was told by some herdsmen, (who were tending cattle in the neighbourhood) that "*this* part of it, which we inhabit, is called by the name of Kirkstall." I was, for some time, after my first arrival here, the only

inhabitant of these woods, without so much as a fellow-worshipper to take part in my devotions. In this solitary condition I remained, feeding on the spontaneous produce of the place, such as roots, and herbs, added to the alms brought me, now and then by the christians in the neighbourhood; when, in the process of time, I was joined by a few brethren, who are since augmented to the number you now behold. These brethren have consented to regard me as their master, and subject themselves to rules of discipline of my appointment: We all live in common, after the manner of our brethren of *Leruth*, earning food and raiment, by our joint industry and manual labour, and no individual has any personal property distinct from that of the *fraternity*."

Anecdote of Lord Longdale.

His lordship, when upwards of ninety, frequently amused himself at cards, and

had parties to visit him *daily* for that purpose.

Notwithstanding this passion, he was very devout, and at stated times during the day, was constant at his private prayers.

Whenever it happened, as it frequently did, that he was at cards, at any of those particular hours, his lordship would give his hand to some friend, and beg him to play it for him, as he had "*A little business to do with his best friend.*" This, was his general expression. His lordship immediately retired to his closet, where he remained a little more than a quarter of an hour at prayers; and, then returned to his company, and played with a cheerfulness and serenity of countenance, that at once proclaimed the sincerity of his ejaculations, and the goodness of his heart.

Singular Character.

In the year, 1729, there was a man, whose constant practice it had been for

seven years, to walk regularly up and down one of the quays of the Seine, from one o'clock, 'til six in the evening. He never missed a day let the weather be ever so bad.

M. Herault, a magistrate, belonging to the police, having been informed of these particulars, sent for him; he received an answer that he would not go, as he had nothing to do with the police. M. Herault, waited on this original himself, mounted four pair of stairs, and found a man seated at an old wood table, surrounded with books. He asked him in a polite manner, why he refused to come to him, when he had sent him an invitation; I'll tell you plainly my way of thinking, replied the man; I have had the honor of being acquainted with you, and I thank God I have nothing to do with the tribunals of justice.

I know it, says M. Herault, we have received no complaints of any kind concerning you, but why do you walk so regularly every day on the particular quay? because

it is very conducive to my health, the air of the river agrees with me, and I will inform you of the real situation of my affairs: I once enjoyed an annuity of twenty-five thousand livres, (£1041 13) the political system of our government, has reduced it 500 (about twenty guineas) and I conform my life to the reduction of my fortune. I have preserved my books, and changed my name, I must own through a kind of vanity. I dine every day at four o'clock, on alamode beef, which is excellent in this quarter of the town, and take my daily walk from one to six on the quay, except the time I devote to dinner. I am very happy, and notwithstanding the smallness of my income, I am independent; my health I regard as the principal source of my happiness, and I find it necessary to take such exercise to promote it.

The cardinal being informed by M. Herault, of this man's odd, but still rational manner, having reflected, that in case of sickness, the poor man would

find himself very much distressed, with his reduced annuity, wished to allow him three hundred livres more; but this worthy, and I may add, sensible man, refused that addition to his income; alledging, that he had been accustomed to that kind of life, and that he would not change it. "*Parvo contentus*," repeated he to M. Herault. He had the surprising talent of perceiving the different professions of mankind, by examining their physiognomies. "There's a house-steward to a bishop," would he say, when some body went bye—"there's a chevalier d' industry—there's a profest scoundrel; that man comes from Gascony—the other from Brittany." He seldom mistakes his man.

Anecdote of James II. and Edmund Waller.

James, notwithstanding the bigotry and gloominess of his temper, affected to be

an admirer of Waller. He one day ordered the Earl of Sunderland, to command Waller to wait on him in the afternoon.

When Waller came, the King took him into his closet: during their conversation, his Majesty asked how he liked the picture that was there? "Sir, said Waller, my eyes are so dim that I cannot see it." "It is the Princess of Orange," said the King; "And, the Princess of Orange, replied the poet, is like the greatest woman that ever the world saw." "Pray who was she?" "Queen Elizabeth," replied Waller. "I am surprised, said the King, that you should think so, but I must own she had a wise council." "And did your Majesty, rejoined Waller, ever know *a fool* choose a wise one."

When Waller intended to marry one of his daughters to Dr. Birch, the King endeavoured to prevent the match, and ordered a French nobleman to tell him, that his Majesty wondered he should marry his

daughter to a falling church." Sir, answered Waller, the King does me great honour, to take notice of my domestic affairs; but I have lived long enough to observe that this *falling* church, has a trick of *rising again*. He told his friends, that King James would be left like a whale upon the strand, which soon after happened; for having deserted himself, and his true interest, *the love of his people*, he was forsaken by all, even his own children. James was one of those weak princes, that imagined it was very possible to reign happily over the English, without popularity, a mistake which every king discovers sooner or later.

Avarice Defeated.

A gentleman of considerable property, made his will in favour of a clergyman, who was his most intimate friend, and committed it, unknown, to the rest of his family, to the custody of the divine.

However, not long before he died, having changed his mind with regard to the disposal of his effects, he made another will, wherein he left the clergyman only 500l. and the rest of his fortune to his nephew. Soon after the old gentleman's death, the nephew, rummaging over his drawers, happened to find this last will, and perceiving the legacy of 500l. in it for the clergyman, without any hesitation, or scruple of conscience, put it in the fire, and took possession of the whole effects, in consequence of his uncle being supposed to have died intestate.

The clergyman coming to town soon after, and inquiring into the circumstance of his old friend's death, asked if he had made any will before he died. Upon being answered in the negative, the clergyman very coolly put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out the former will, which had been committed to his care, wherein the uncle had bequeathed to him his whole

fortune, amounting to several thousand pounds, excepting a legacy of 500l. to his nephew.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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